

**JOHN CROWNE**  
**HIS LIFE AND DRAMATIC WORKS**

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bone and Betty Frisque owe their origin to Dom Pèdre and his Greek slave Isidore, but as characters they are completely made over. Drybone is a debauched old nobleman; and in opposition to Isidore, who is noble even though she is a slave, Betty Frisque is a gay adventuress who sells her wares to the highest bidder. Sir Thomas Rash may be indebted to Orgon and Oronte for his behavior towards Christina, but his character is his own. He has that wholesome dislike for the frivolity and licentiousness of London society which many an elderly man must have felt in 1675.

Portions of *The Countrey Wit* belong to the comedy of manners, —a type to which Etherege and Wycherley had just given its peculiar Restoration qualities,—but Crowne is right when in his dedication he classifies his play as low comedy, "because a great part of it consists of comedy almost sunk to farce." The technique of the play is characteristic of the comedy of the period. The exposition which follows the scene from Molière's *Tartuffe* is swift, but the action of the main plot develops slowly. Complication of the situation is achieved only by the use of an elaborate sub-plot, and in the end the main plot is resolved through the self-elimination of Sir Mannerly.

## THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM, PART I.

The two parts of *The Destruction of Jerusalem* were published in the spring of 1677,<sup>109</sup> and in all probability they were being acted in January or February of that year. Up to this time all of Crowne's productions except *Calisto* had been given by Betterton at the Duke's Theatre. The new two-part play, however, was produced at the Theatre Royal with Kynaston and Hart in the rôles of Titus and Phraartes, and with Mrs. Boutell and Mrs. Marshall playing Clarona and Berenice.<sup>110</sup> The reason for the change of theatre is found in a document first reprinted by Malone, which contains a protest by the King's men addressed, as Malone thinks, to the Lord Chamberlain, Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington in 1678. It recites an agreement between the King's company and Dryden whereby the latter, in return for a share and a quarter in the company, equal "communibus annis" to three or four hundred pounds, contracted to write three plays a year. Although Dryden produced scarcely a play a year, the company had not held him to

<sup>109</sup> Arber, *Term Catalogue*, I, 273.

<sup>110</sup> *Roscius Anglicanus*, p. 13.

his agreement, and at his request had even given him a third day for his last new play, *All for Love*. "Yet notwithstanding this kind proceeding," continues the protest, "Mr. Dryden has now jointly with Mr. Lee (who was in pension with us to our last day of playing and shall continue) written a play called *Oedipus*, and given it to the Duke's company, contrary to his said agreement, his promise, and all gratitude, to the great prejudice and almost undoing of the company, they being the only poets remaining to us. Mr. Crowne, being under a like agreement with the Duke's House, writt a play called *The Destruction of Jerusalem*, and being forced by their refusal of it to bring it to us, the said Company compelled us after the studying of it, and a vast expense in scenes and cloathes, to buy off their clayme, by paying all the pension he had received from them; amounting to one hundred and twelve pounds paid by the King's Company, besides neere forty pounds he the said Mr. Crowne paid out of his own pocket."<sup>111</sup>

From this petition it appears that the Duke's Company refused Crowne's two plays, and that he carried them to the King's Men and got them accepted. The reason underlying the refusal is to be found, in all likelihood, in the previous acceptance by the Duke's Company of Otway's adaptation of Racine's *Bérénice* and Molière's *Les Fourberies de Scapin*. It would not have been policy for one company to produce in the same season plays so similar in story as Otway's *Titus and Berenice* and the second part of *The Destruction of Jerusalem*. Otway's two adaptations were licensed for printing on February 19, 1676-77,<sup>112</sup> and were advertised in the *Term Catalogue* as having been published in Hilary term; i. e. between November 22, 1676 and February 12, 1677.<sup>113</sup> Even Crowne himself in his epistle to the reader refers to "a gentleman having lately translated that play, [Racine's *Bérénice*] and exposed it to public view on the stage."<sup>114</sup> It is likely, therefore, that Otway's adaptation somewhat antedated the appearance of *The Destruction of Jerusalem* on the stage, and that it was the cause of the refusal of Crowne's plays by the Duke's men.

The success of Crowne's two-part play was very remarkable, and is somewhat puzzling when we consider of what stuff and in what manner it was made. The author himself in his epistle to

<sup>111</sup> Malone, *The Prose Works of John Dryden*, I, pt. I, 73-75.

<sup>112</sup> See the title page of the first quarto of *Titus and Berenice*.

<sup>113</sup> Arber, *Term Catalogue*, I, 267.

<sup>114</sup> *Works*, II, 238.

the reader refers to the world as "having been kind to these plays".<sup>115</sup> Furthermore in a letter prefixed to the edition of *The Works of the Earl of Rochester, Roscommon, and Dorset*, London, 1731, supposed to have been written by St. Evremond to the Duchess of Mazarin, there is a statement that "Mr. Crowne's 'Destruction of Jerusalem' . . . met with as wild and unaccountable success as Mr. Dryden's 'Conquest of Granada'."<sup>116</sup> Besides the original edition of 1677, quartos of the play were published in 1693 and 1703.

The argument of the first part is as follows: Chafing under the oppression of Rome, the people of Jerusalem appeal to Queen Berenice, who claims the Jewish throne in succession to her slain brother Agrippa. There is passionate love between her and Titus Vespasian. Upon her approach to the city, the people nearly mob her, but she is rescued by Phraartes, the young exiled king of Parthea, who is in love with Clarona, daughter of Matthias, the high priest. Monobazus, slayer of Berenice's brother, assists at her rescue and is smitten by her charms. Within Jerusalem the Pharisees, under the leadership of Eleazar and John, are planning a revolt from Matthias with the aid of the Edomites. The rebels are defeated, however, through the bravery of Phraartes and Monobazus, who goes disguised and is styled 'The Unknown'. While Berenice tells her maid of the beginning of her love for Titus, Phraartes complains of Clarona's coldness, and Monobazus confesses that he slew Berenice's brother. To Phraartes' entreaties Clarona opposes her religious vow of chastity.

While Matthias and Phineas are keeping guard against the Edomites, they are amazed by strange portents in the heavens, such as the appearance of an aerial army, by a severe storm, by a prophet crying woe, and by an angel who prophesies the doom of Jerusalem. Phraartes and Monobazus witness these phenomena. The latter is astonished, but the former is skeptical of anything supernatural, and jests. A meeting of the Sanhedrim is called, and while the counsellors are in session, "from foggy clouds a sleepy unguent falls" upon them with soporific effects. Meanwhile John, Eleazar, and the Pharisees prepare to murder Matthias and his followers in holy zeal. The ghost of Herod gloats over the sleeping counsellors, and they awake from horrid dreams in time to flee from

<sup>115</sup> *Works*, II, 235.

<sup>116</sup> *Works*, II, 218. Maidment and Logan quote this passage. I have been unable to see the edition referred to.

their enemies. John falsely accuses Matthias of concealing Caesar's image in the city. The latter replies by branding his accuser as a traitor.

In the fight which follows Phraartes and Monobazus are awakened and rush out to battle. Berenice and Clarona are both frightened. The former wishes for Titus, while Clarona prays for Phraartes, thereby revealing to Berenice a lively interest in him. Matthias, fighting bravely to guard the temple, is captured by John and the Pharisees. They prepare to kill him when Phraartes comes to the rescue. Although Clarona previously had banished the Parthian king from her presence, she now meets with him when she seeks out her father. The latter wishes to reward Phraartes for his service, and the king desires Clarona. After a long debate between the lovers concerning heavenly devotion and earthly love, he is forced to take her without despoiling her virginity. The play ends with news of a Roman army moving against Jerusalem.

The action, as we have just seen, centers around the rebellion of the seditious Pharisees under John and Eleazar, and the civil war between them and the forces of the highpriests Matthias and Phineas. The source of this material is the *De Bello Judaico* of Josephus. The main historical incidents are drawn from Book IV, Chapters 3 to 5. John and Eleazar retain their names and chief characteristics from Josephus. In Matthias Crowne represents the high-priest Ananas, while Phineas corresponds only very roughly to the high-priest Jesus. A detailed comparison of the three chapters mentioned above with Crowne's play clearly establishes the relation between the two. In Act I the characterization of John and the Pharisees as a usurping zealot sect by Matthias, Sagan, and Phineas; the treacherous attitude of John; his lies to the zealots about Matthias; and his efforts to involve the Idumeans—all this is drawn from chapter 3.<sup>117</sup> In Act I also, the announcement of the arrival of the Edomites, the shutting of the gates, and Matthias' direction to Sagan to harangue the Idumeans are taken from chapter 4.<sup>118</sup> The determination of the Edomites to fight in spite of the appeal of Sagan, is found in the same chapter.<sup>119</sup> At the end of Act II and at the beginning of Act III a violent

<sup>117</sup> *The Destruction of Jerusalem, Part I, Act I, p. 250-54—De Judaico Bello, Lib. IV, cap. 3, §§1, 2, 7, 9, 12-14.* Hereafter in the footnotes immediately following I shall refer to the play only by page and to *De Bello Judaico* as *Bell. Jud.*

<sup>118</sup> *Works, II, 254-5—Bell. Jud., Lib. IV, cap. 4, §§1, 3.*

<sup>119</sup> *Works, II, 258-9—Bell. Jud., Lib. IV, cap. 4, §4.*

storm with its portents is discussed by the characters. Such a storm Josephus describes in Chapter 4.<sup>120</sup> When, in the violence of the storm, the Pharisees force the city gates and let in the Idumeans, Crowne follows a similar incident in the Jewish history.<sup>121</sup> In Josephus, Ananas allows his guards to sleep because of the nature of the storm, but the dramatist employs a supernatural effect to put the Sanhedrim to sleep.<sup>122</sup> Although Matthias is captured by the Pharisees in the last act, as Ananas was by the Idumeans, the playwright brings his hero Phraartes to the rescue and the catastrophe is delayed until Part II.<sup>123</sup>

Crowne's indebtedness to Josephus is by no means limited to Book IV of *De Bello Judaico*. The airy army which appears in the sky coincident with the storm, and which is discussed with such wonder by the high-priests and Pharisees, is the elaboration of a suggestion in the fifth chapter of Book VI.<sup>124</sup> The waking prophet who cries woe to Jerusalem in Act III is Crowne's use of an incident in the same chapter in which a plebeian named Jesus cries, "Woe, woe to Jerusalem" for seven years. The prophet's words in the play approximate a translation of the words of Jesus, the husbandman, as a comparison will show. Jesus says: "A voice from the east, a voice from the west, a voice from the four winds, a voice against Jerusalem and the holy house, a voice against the bridegrooms and the brides, and a voice against the whole people."<sup>125</sup> Crowne's prophet says:

"From the four winds and the earth's hollow womb,  
A voice, a voice—a dreadful voice is come;  
A voice against our elders, priests and scribes,  
Our city, temple, and our holy tribes;  
Against the bridegroom and the joyful bride,  
And all that in Jerusalem reside."<sup>126</sup>

It is likely that the characters of Monobazus and Phraartes were suggested to Crowne by the *Antiquitates Judaicae* of Josephus. The former is described by the playwright in his *dramatis personae* as "brother to the king of Adiabene." His history is related in Book XX of the *Antiquitates*. There are a few points of

<sup>120</sup> *Works*, II, 268-72; 275-77—*Bell. Jud.*, Lib. IV, cap. 4, §5.

<sup>121</sup> *Works*, II, 282-87—*Bell. Jud.*, Lib. IV, cap. 4, §§6, 7.

<sup>122</sup> *Works*, II, 287-90—*Bell. Jud.*, Lib. IV, cap. 4, §§6, 7.

<sup>123</sup> *Works*, II, 299—*Bell. Jud.*, Lib. IV, cap. 5, §2.

<sup>124</sup> *Works*, II, 268-72; 275-77—*Bell. Jud.*, Lib. VI, cap. 5, §3.

<sup>125</sup> *Bell. Jud.*, Lib. VI, cap. 5, §3. The passage is quoted from William Whiston's translation of *The Works of Flavius Josephus*, Oxford, 1839, IV, 267.

<sup>126</sup> *Works*, II, 271.



resemblance but the poet has pretty generally altered his character.<sup>127</sup> Josephus mentions Phraates twice in the *Antiquitates*,<sup>128</sup> but Crowne's character is so entirely divergent from that of any of the Parthian kings of the name, that it seems likely that he merely borrowed a name. Phraates IV, to whom Josephus refers, had this in common with Crowne's Phraartes; he was driven from his kingdom by rebels. He sought refuge with the Scythians, and with their assistance won back his domain.<sup>129</sup> Phraartes also was successful in regaining his kingdom. It is possible likewise that Crowne may have read the *Historia Romana* of Dio Cassius for the account of Titus and Berenice in Rome. A further perusal of the same work would have made him acquainted with a more detailed account of Phraates IV.<sup>130</sup> A third possible source for the suggestion of the name is the heroic romance of *Cleopatre* by La Calprenède, which had been published in 1657, and of which an English translation had appeared from 1659-1668. In this romance Prince Tyridates, in relating to Queen Candace the story of his life, gives an account of the inhuman cruelty of his brother Phraates, who slew his father and his other brothers. Tyridates himself escaped by flight to Judea.<sup>131</sup>

The rôle of Berenice is subordinate to that of Clarona in Part I of *The Destruction of Jerusalem*. She is not concerned with the main action to any great extent. On one occasion, however, by way of exposition for Part II, Crowne has her tell her maid Semandra the story of the courtship between her and Titus at Rome.<sup>132</sup> For this account the poet may have been indebted to Dio Cassius,<sup>133</sup> or to Suetonius's life of Titus;<sup>134</sup> or he may have developed the incident from Racine's play. The characters of Clarona and Phraartes are creations of the author.

<sup>127</sup> Compare *Works* II, 264-5 with *Antiquitates Judaeae*, Lib. XX, cap. 2, §§1-2 and cap. 4, §§1-3.

<sup>128</sup> *Antiq. Jud.*, Lib. XV, cap. 2, §3; Lib. XVIII, cap. 2, §4.

<sup>129</sup> Geo. Rawlinson, *The Sixth Great Oriental Monarchy*, London, 1873, p. 208.

<sup>130</sup> Dio Cassius, *Historia Romana*, Lib. 49, cap. 23-28, 31, 33, 39, 41, 44.

<sup>131</sup> *Hymen's Praeludia, or Love's Master-Piece* . . . rendered into English, by Robert Loveday, London, 1668. Part I, Lib. 1, 2; Part III, Lib. 3, 4; Part IX, Lib. 3. For a summary of this romance, see J. Dunlop, *History of Prose Fiction*, London, 1814, III, 195-203.

<sup>132</sup> *Works*, II, 260-1.

<sup>133</sup> Dio Cassius, Lib. 65, cap. 15.

<sup>134</sup> Suetonius, *History of the Twelve Caesars*, translated by Philemon Holland, 1606, Tudor Translations, London, 1899, II, 229.

## THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM. PART II

The two parts of *The Destruction of Jerusalem* were doubtless performed on successive afternoons. The conclusion of Part I is indecisive, and probably it was intended to attract the curious to the performance of the second part. The "wild and unaccountable success" which the plays achieved must have been due in large measure to the more theatrical effects and the more sensational scenic devices of Part II. On July 1, 1712, the second part was revived by the summer company at Drury Lane. The play bill states that it had not been acted for fifteen years.<sup>185</sup>

The plot of this part may be stated thus: The Roman army is before Jerusalem under the command of Titus, who in a struggle between glory and love for Queen Berenice, has delayed to attack for three months. His generals and soldiers are growing clamorous for action. Tiberias urges him to give up the queen and he reluctantly consents; but in the presence of her charms he cannot dismiss her, and sorrowfully departs. Meanwhile in Jerusalem Matthias and Phineas are troubled by approaching starvation and pestilence, and the machinations of the rebellious Pharisees under Eleazar and John. The latter, at the suggestion of his followers, usurps the high-priest's mitre with pretended reluctance. Phraartes in despair of winning Clarona, has been idle, but now she confesses her love for him, and he goes with new zeal to the fight. Berenice is much disturbed by Titus's silent dismissal, and upon his return from a victorious assault upbraids him for unkindness. He protests his love but again departs in sorrow. Meanwhile, John in pontifical vestments seizes Matthias and accuses him of conspiring with Rome. Again Phraartes comes to the rescue of the latter. Later the Parthian king finds Clarona weeping over a book and enters into an argument with her about a future life. They are interrupted by Parthian leaders, who tell Phraartes of the restoration of his crown and of the demand of the army for his presence. He is thus forced to leave Clarona behind in Queen Marianne's tower.

The departure of Phraartes gives the Romans new courage, and Tiberias again urges Titus to forsake Berenice. Titus has not courage to face her, but Tiberias consents to give her the message. The unfortunate queen is pursued by other suitors. Monobazus, who forsook Phraartes to defend Titus, now discloses

<sup>185</sup> Genest, II, 499.



his passion, and the kings Malchus and Antiochus visit her with similar intentions. The share of Monobazus in King Agrippa's death is revealed, and Berenice condemns him. When Tiberias announces the determination of Titus to part with her, she will not believe it; and the general tells her she may have it from her lover's own lips. The interview ensues. Titus explains the Roman law against foreign queens and emphasizes the demands of glory. She for her part upbraids him and swears to die. In Jerusalem the situation grows worse. Emboldened by the absence of Phraartes, John, Eleazar and the Pharisees surprise Matthias and his counsellors and kill them. Clarona is wounded in the struggle. Phraartes, who has been rejoined by Monobazus, returns to Jerusalem and finds Clarona mortally wounded. She dies in his embrace. After a fit of madness, he plunges into the fighting with infuriated vigor. The temple is fired by the Pharisees. Titus goes to oppose the mighty feats of Phraartes and conquers only when a tower of the temple falls on the latter. Titus and Berenice meet once again. He persuades her to forgo death, but is firm in his dismissal. Once she is gone, however, he curses the fate which parted him from his love.

As in Part I, Crowne is indebted to Josephus for his material concerning the siege and destruction of Jerusalem.<sup>186</sup> In the *De Bello Judaico* this account occupies Books V and VI. From them the playwright utilized the frequent descriptions of famine, pestilence, and horror in the city. In Act II a Pharisee is shown snatching bread from a poor woman. This incident is probably based on chapter 10 of Book V.<sup>187</sup> In the same act, the desire of Eleazar to get free from the leadership of John and to assume the mitre himself is an echo of his revolt in chapter 1 of the same book.<sup>188</sup> The final slaughter of Phineas, Sagan, and Matthias in the last act may go back to the murder of Ananas and Jesus by the Idumeans; or it may be a reflection of the death of Matthias, a

<sup>186</sup> According to R. B. McKerrow (*Gull's Horn Book* by Thomas Dekker, London, 1904, Introd. p. ii) "the fall of Jerusalem was a favourite subject with Elizabethan writers and moralists." There were at least two plays on the subject. W. W. Greg in his edition of *Henslowe's Diary*, II, 155, lists a play called 'Jerusalem' by Thomas Legge which dates from ca. 1577. It was played by Strange's men in the spring of 1591-92. J. O. Halliwell-Phillips in his *Illustrations of the Life of Shakespeare*, Part first, London, 1874, p. 56, records a pageant or tragedy acted by the Smiths Company of Coventry in 1584. It was written by John Smith of St. John's College, Oxford, as the entry in the Coventry Municipal MSS. shows: "Paid to Mr. Smythe of Oxford the XV. daye of Aprill, 1584, for his paynes for writinge of the tragidye, xiiij. li. vi. s. viij. d." In 1598 Thomas Dekker published a poem called *Canaans Calamity* on the same subject. Cf. *The Non-Dramatic Works of Thomas Dekker*, edited by A. B. Grossart, I, 1-69.

<sup>187</sup> *Works*, II, 337—*Bell. Jud.*, Lib. V, cap. 10, §§2-3.

<sup>188</sup> *Works*, II, 338-9—*Bell. Jud.*, Lib. V, cap. 1, §2.

high-priest, and his three sons at the hands of Simon.<sup>139</sup> The burning of the temple is drawn from the description in Book VI. Although Crowne may be indebted to Racine for his use of Antiochus, he is historically justified by Josephus for making him an assistant of Titus at the siege of the city.<sup>140</sup> Josephus also makes mention of one Malichus, king of the Arabians, in his *De Bello Judaico*;<sup>141</sup> but like Phraates IV he lived in the time of Herod. He may, however, have suggested the name 'Malchus' to the dramatist.

Just as Clarona and Phraartes are the predominant figures in Part I, so in Part II the rôles of Titus and Berenice are most important. Corneille and Racine had both written plays in 1670 on the subject of the parting of the Roman emperor and the Jewish queen. As Crowne says in his epistle to the reader, "Some persons accused me of stealing the parts of Titus and Berenice from the French play written by Mr. Racine on the same subject." He then continues, "But a gentleman having lately translated that play and exposed it to public view on the stage, has saved me that labour, [of justification] and vindicated me better than I can myself."<sup>142</sup> Let us see how far Crowne's assertion that "borrowing or stealing from Mr. Racine could not have supplied my occasions,"<sup>142</sup> is justified. Certain differences between the two plays are at once apparent. The action of Racine's piece takes place at Rome. Crowne, on the other hand, has juggled the facts of history; he has relegated the early courtship of Titus and Berenice to a period antedating the siege of Jerusalem, and provided for their final parting at the siege. Another striking difference in the two plays is formed in the part of Antiochus. In the French drama he plays a considerable rôle as a more or less formidable rival to Titus. In Crowne's play he is only a despairing suitor on a footing with Malchus, while Monobazus takes his place as a more important rival.

It would be an injustice to Crowne to accuse him of attempting an adaptation of Racine's play, but he was manifestly influenced by the Frenchman's work. Incidents in Racine are frequently paralleled in the English work, as a detailed study will show. The scene in the first act in which Tiberias counsels Titus to give up Berenice, arguing that Rome would not permit a foreign queen to

<sup>139</sup> *Works*, II, 378-9—*Bell. Jud.*, Lib. IV, cap. 5, §2; Lib. V, cap. 13, §1.

<sup>140</sup> *Bell. Jud.*, Lib. V, cap. 11, §3.

<sup>141</sup> *Bell. Jud.*, Lib. I, cap. 14, §1.

<sup>142</sup> *Works*, II, 238.

reign, draws frequent suggestions from Racine's scene where Titus asks the advice of Paulinus.<sup>143</sup> The resolve of Titus to part with Berenice is received by Tiberias and Paulinus in each case with surprise but with praise. By Racine, Titus is made to say

"Ah! que sous de *beaux noms* cette gloire est cruelle!"

while in Crowne he says

"Oh! we with *specious names* ourselves deceive,  
And solid joys for empty titles leave."

In the same scene the interview between Titus and Berenice, with Tiberias and Semandra in the background, parallels Racine's play in some particular turns of dialogue.<sup>144</sup> The sudden departure of Titus in each is noteworthy. Again, the startled comments of Berenice and Semandra imitate those of *Bérénice* and Phoenixe.<sup>145</sup> Crowne's use of Antiochus of Compagene as a lover of Berenice was suggested by Racine.<sup>146</sup> In Act IV the renewed arguments which Tiberias uses against Berenice in a long speech owe much to a similar speech of Paulinus.<sup>147</sup> Monobazus is utilized by Crowne to assume somewhat the same rôle as active lover of Berenice which Antiochus performs in the French play. Berenice's sudden suspicion that Titus may be jealous of Monobazus seems to owe its origin to a similar expression which Racine puts into the mouth of the Jewish queen.<sup>148</sup> In the English play, Tiberias, however, takes the place of Antiochus as a messenger of dismissal. The final pronouncements of the former and the speeches of Berenice and Semandra which follow are very like those in a scene of *Bérénice*.<sup>149</sup> Semandra's request that Berenice calm her disorder and replace her veil before she sees Titus, and her reply that he shall see what distress he has wrought closely parallel similar dialogue in Racine.<sup>150</sup> The last interview between Titus and Berenice in Act V opens with dialogue very like that in the final act of Racine's play.<sup>151</sup>

The foregoing comparison indicates that while Crowne's obligations to Racine were considerable, they were confined to occasional imitations of minute features of the Frenchman's work, and

<sup>143</sup> *Works*, II, 329-31—*Bérénice*, Act II, sc. 2.

<sup>144</sup> *Works*, II, 332-3—*Bérénice*, Act II, sc. 4.

<sup>145</sup> *Works*, II, 333-4—*Bérénice*, Act II, sc. 5.

<sup>146</sup> *Works*, II, 348, 362.

<sup>147</sup> *Works*, II, 363—*Bérénice*, Act II, sc. 2.

<sup>148</sup> *Works*, II, 366—*Bérénice*, Act II, sc. 5.

<sup>149</sup> *Works*, II, 369-70—*Bérénice*, Act III, sc. 3.

<sup>150</sup> *Works*, II, 371—*Bérénice*, Act IV, sc. 5.

<sup>151</sup> *Works*, II, 390—*Bérénice*, Act V, sc. 5.

to a utilization of the general aspects of the story as he had developed it. The English writer's language is his own throughout. Indeed he never allows the speeches of his characters to become so tediously long as they are in Racine. The general atmosphere is also very different. Racine is altogether concerned with the tragic parting of the lovers. Crowne is concerned with this also, but he displays it upon a background of warfare, military activities, and the confusion resulting in the destruction of a great city.

Although Titus assumes the major rôle in Part II, Phraartes is the conspicuous romantic hero of the whole piece. Here, as in Part I, he owes something of his heroic calibre, of his lordly air, of his mighty strength in battle, to the suggestion of his famous predecessor, Almanzor, in Dryden's *Conquest of Granada*. He is not, however, an imitation of Dryden's hero; he is rather another projection of the same general type. His boastings are few as compared with those of Almanzor. His nearest approach to the high-flown rant of the latter is uttered in a fit of madness. After the death of Clarona he exclaims:

"Where is Clarona gone?  
Aloft!—I see her mounting to the sun!—  
The flaming Satyr toward her does roll,  
His scorching lust makes summer at the Pole.  
Let the hot planet touch her if he dares—  
Touch her, and I will cut him into stars,  
And the bright chips into the ocean throw."<sup>152</sup>

Most of the historians of literature who have paused to comment on the two parts of *The Destruction of Jerusalem* have been struck by the fact that two such mediocre and uninteresting plays were great successes on the stage.<sup>153</sup> Maidment and Logan alone have a good word to say for the versification, and they greatly overestimate its qualities when they compare it favorably with Dryden's work in *The Conquest of Granada*.<sup>154</sup> Crowne's couplets seldom rise above the level of that mediocrity which they achieved in his earlier rimed play *Charles VIII*. None of the characters is particularly vital or interesting, and the plays have all the defects characteristic of the heroic type. An explanation of the unmerited

<sup>152</sup> *Works*, II, 383.

<sup>153</sup> Genest, I, 205, remarks that "it is not easy to say whether the plan or the execution of them is the worse." A. T. Bartholomew in *The Cambridge History of English Literature*, VIII, 190, says: "It seems incredible that such a piece as *The Destruction of Jerusalem* could ever have gained the marked success which it undoubtedly secured."

<sup>154</sup> Maidment and Logan, *Works*, II, 219, write, "if the '*Conquest of Granada*,' otherwise called '*Almanzor and Almahide*,' was received with such extraordinary applause, it creates little surprise that the '*Destruction of Jerusalem*' met with similar success, for so far as regards versification Crowne not infrequently equals, if not surpasses, Dryden."

applause with which they were greeted is to be found, doubtless, in the scenic possibilities which they afforded. That alone could have made them attractive even to an uncritical Restoration audience.

### THE AMBITIOUS STATESMAN

In the epilogue to the first part of *The Destruction of Jerusalem*, Crowne wrote, speaking for himself,

"First for his rhyme he pardon does implore  
And promises to ring those chimes no more."<sup>185</sup>

His determination to quit the heroic couplet can be traced to the influence of Dryden, who in the prologue to *Aureng-Zebe* (1675), remarks that

"he has now another taste of wit;  
And to confess a truth, though out of time,  
Grows weary of his long-loved mistress, Rhyme."<sup>186</sup>

One of the results of Dryden's decision was the production of his greatest play, *All for Love* (1678) in blank verse. In a similar way Crowne turned from the extremes of the heroic drama and produced a blank-verse tragedy, *The Ambitious Statesman*, in 1679.

Like its two-part predecessor, *The Destruction of Jerusalem*, it was acted at the Theatre Royal; but unlike those plays, it was not a success. It was played, in all probability, in the spring of 1679, since it is recorded in the *Term Catalogue* as having been published in the Trinity term of that year; that is, between May and June 1679.<sup>187</sup> Apparently it was somewhat in demand by the reading public, as a second edition was published two years later, in the spring of 1681.<sup>188</sup> The ill success of the piece is to be explained in part, at least, by the disturbed condition of England and especially of London when it appeared. As Crowne himself puts it in his preface, "This play . . . was born in a time so unhealthy to poetry that I dare not venture it abroad without as many cloaths as I can give it to keep it warm."<sup>189</sup> England was then in the throes of the so-called Popish Plot, when every Catholic was suspected of harboring villainous intentions against the protestant population. It is not strange, then, that with so much real and apparent villainy around them, the London theatre-goers did

<sup>185</sup> *Works*, II, 311.

<sup>186</sup> *The Works of John Dryden*, edited by Scott and Saintsbury, V, 201.

<sup>187</sup> Arber, *Term Catalogue*, I, 359.

<sup>188</sup> *Ibid.*, I, 446.

<sup>189</sup> *Works*, III, 146.

THE DESTRUCTION  
OF  
JERUSALEM.

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PART I.



*The Destruction of Jerusalem by Titus Vespasian. In Two Parts. As it is acted in the Theatre Royal. Written by Mr Crowne. Part the First. London: Printed for James Maynes and Richard Bentley, in Russel-street, near the Piazzas, and the Post-house in Covent-Garden. 1677. 4to.*

THE great success of "The Destruction of Jerusalem" had the effect of depriving Crowne of the patronage of Lord Rochester, by whose influence he had obtained the preference over Dryden, the Poet Laureate, in preparing the masque of "Calisto" for representation before the King, Queen, and royal family.\* The Earl extended the enmity he entertained towards Dryden to his former protégée, and, in conjunction with the Duke of Buckingham,† included him in a satyre, after the fashion of Sir John Suckling's "Session of the Poets," entitled, "A Tryal of the Poets for the Bays, in imitation of a Satyre by Boileau," in which they ridiculed "little starch Johnny Crown, with his iron'd cravat" and "Lilly-white hands," in lines so puerile and coarse as are by no means calculated to produce on the public mind a favourable impression either of the satirical talents or gentlemanly bearing of the two noble authors. A similar set of verses has been included in the collection of State Poems,‡ under the title, "The Session of the Poets, to the Tune of Cook-Laurel," meaning probably Cock Lorell. It is proper to mention that Crowne is omitted in this list of claimants for the Bays.

Amongst the prefatory matter prefixed to the edition of "The Works of the Earl of Rochester, Roscommon, and Dorset, &c., 1731,"§ there is prefixed a letter addressed by St Evremont to the Duchess of Mazarin,||

\* See Crowne's "Dramatic Works," Vol. I., p. 221.

† Buckingham's Works, Vol. I., p. 151. Third edition. London, 1715. 8vo.

‡ State Poems, in 4 Vols. 8vo. London, 1716. Vol. I. p. 206.

§ 2 Vols. 12mo. London, 1731.

|| When Charles II. was in exile, he proposed to marry this lady, the niece, and eventually heiress, of Cardinal Mazarin, but his offer was rejected by her uncle. After the Restoration, the Duchess became heiress of the Cardinal, and, after indulging in the levities of a Parisian life, came to England; and became one of the beauties of the Court of the Merry Monarch.

which discloses the real cause of Rochester's malice, and explains why the noble Lord had changed his opinion of Crowne. After mentioning that his temper was more or less "inspired with wine," and his muse increasing "with his liquor, many persons of quality, his friends, promoted the glass, to his detriment, for their own satisfaction. It is certain that in his natural temper, when sober, he was a good-natured man, and had ~~not~~ that alloy of malice which in many things he ~~discovered~~ when heated by a debauch. He ~~had~~ a particular pique to Mr Dryden, after his mighty success in the town, either because he was sensible that he deserved not that applause for his Tragedies which the mad, unthinking audience gave them—which corruption of taste was afterwards somewhat corrected by the Duke of Buckingham's rehearsal; or whether it was out of indignation at being rivalled in reputation either as a poet in general, or a satirist in particular—satire being one of the chief excellencies of Mr Dryden as well as that of My Lord Rochester. The effect of this was discovered by his Lordship setting up Mr Crowne in opposition to Mr Dryden. He recommended him to the King, ordering him to compose a masque for the Court, when it was the business of the Poet-Laureate.

"But when Mr Crowne's 'Destruction of Jerusalem' had met with as wild and unaccountable success as Mr Dryden's 'Conquest of Granada,' his Lordship withdrew his favour, as if he would be still in contradiction to the town; and in that perhaps he was generally in the right, for of all audiences in polite nations perhaps there is not one that judges so very falsely of the *Drama* as the *English*, unless it be the *Spaniard*, who seem to have much the same wild injudicious taste."

This communication of St Evremont is valuable as the evidence of one who had the best means of knowing the real character of the Earl of Rochester, and the cause of his change of opinion as to the merits of one whom he probably patronised more for the purpose of mortifying Dryden than for any other reason. Born of an ancient Norman family, Charles de St Denis, Seigneur de St Evremont, was alike distinguished for gallantry and wit. The latter brought him to grief, and finally a joke on Cardinal

Mazarin placed him in the Bastile. Upon his liberation he passed to Holland, from whence he retreated to England, where he was much esteemed by Charles for his liveliness, and from whom he received a small pension. He was held in much estimation by his two countrywomen, the Duchess of Mazarin and the Duchess of Portsmouth. His society was in great request by persons of rank, and he had the honour of having Dryden as his eulogist in a "character" written by the Laureate, which was prefixed to a work entitled "Miscellaneous Essays, by Monsieur St Evremont, translated from the French; with his Character, by a person of honour here in England; continued by Mr Dryden." This "person" is generally supposed to have been Dr Knightly Chetwood, who died Dean of Gloucester—a belief fortified by "his connection with Dryden."\*

If the "Conquest of Granada," otherwise called "Almanzor and Almahide," was received with such extraordinary applause, it creates little surprise that the "Destruction of Jerusalem" met with similar success, for so far as regards versification Crowne not unfrequently equals, if not surpasses, Dryden. Passages might be extracted from both dramas of considerable force and excellence. Probably the success of the "Conquest of Granada" induced Crowne to try if he could be as successful with the Jews and Romans as the Laureate had been with the Moors and Spaniards. The latter tragedy is also in two parts, and was first acted in 1672. The former did not appear until 1677. As the "Rehearsal" was published immediately after the successful representation of the "Siege of Granada," and some four or five years before the performance of the "Destruction of Jerusalem," it, fortunately for its author, escaped the tender mercies of his Grace of Buckingham in his inimitable satire. He was subsequently ridiculed by the pointless attack of the two noblemen in the wretched doggerel already referred to.

There is a striking resemblance between the hero of Dryden and the hero of Crowne. Phraartes, the deposed

\* See Scott's "Dryden." Second edition. Vol. XVIII. p. 11.

monarch of Parthia, and the lover of Clarona, in both parts of the "Destruction of Jerusalem," has all the characteristics of Almanzor, the Drawcansir of the "Rehearsal," so much so, that it is not easy to decide whether he or Almanzor deals most in wordy declamation and outrageous bombast. Of the latter, take this specimen: In the second part, Phraartes, who has recovered his kingdom, on his return to Jerusalem, is present at the deathbed of Clarona, his intended Queen. When the vital spark is extinguished, he exclaims:

"————— Where is Clarona gone?  
Aloft! I see her mounting to the sun!  
The flaming Satyr towards her does roll;  
His scorching lust makes summer at the pole.  
Let the hot planet touch her, if he dares!  
Touch her, and I will cut him into stars,  
And the bright chips into the ocean throw."

Phraartes is an imaginary monarch, there having been at that time no King of Parthia of the name, although at an earlier period, as we learn from Josephus,\* there does occur a king so called in the list of rulers. He was murdered by his son Phraartaces, whom he had by a second wife called Hermusa, a lady of very questionable reputation. The murderer, turning out to be somewhat tyrannical, his subjects wisely put him to death before he was fairly settled on the throne. With him terminated the race of Phraartes.

The second part of the "Destruction of Jerusalem" commences with the siege, and terminates with the destruction of Jerusalem. The loves of Titus and Berenice in a great measure supersede Phraartes and Clarona, who engrossed the principal interest in the previous part of the drama, which, unlike the "Conquest of Granada," where Almanzor finally finds a father and a wife, ends unhappily, Clarona being murdered, and Titus and Berenice, though dying in love of each other, separated in consequence of the detestation the Romans bore towards the Jews, and their horror at the very notion of Titus giving

\* Josephus, by Lodge. London, 1640. . P. 463.

them a Jewish empress. If the scandal about her\* can be credited, the Emperor made a lucky escape.

Although Rochester felt greatly chagrined at the unexpected success of Crowne, he received the flattering dedication of Otway's "Tragedy of Titus and Berenice," a poor abridgement, in rhyme, of Racine's Tragedy of the same name, which met with little success—a circumstance that would naturally not diminish the Earl's bitterness towards Crowne.

Nauseating as the flattery of Otway to his patron assuredly is, it falls short of Crowne's hyperbolic laudation of the Duchess of Portsmouth, which disgraces the dedication to her Grace of the "Destruction of Jerusalem." Before perusing it, the reader may not be disinclined to know something about this surpassing beauty, who ruled, during the latter days of Charles II., the kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Mademoiselle Louise Renee de Penencourt de Querouaille came to England as maid of honour to the King's sister, Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, who was successfully employed by the French monarch to bring about a union between himself and her brother. Evelyn,† 4th November 1671, after mentioning he had seen the King's nephew, the Prince of Orange, afterwards William III., whom he describes as "having a manly, courageous, wise countenance, resembling his mother and the Duke of Gloucester," continues thus: "I now also saw that famous beauty, but, in my opinion, of a childish, simple, and baby face, Mademoiselle, lately maid of honour to Madame, and now to be so to the Queen." She was then about twenty-five years old.

Louis XIV., aware of the amorous propensities of the English king, purposely sent Louise to England to attract his notice, which she had no difficulty in doing. If the satirical verses upon her can be credited, her first love was the Duc de Vendome, to whom she continued to be attached long after she became Duchess of Portsmouth. One of these pasquils has some cleverness:

\* See introduction to the second part.

† Diary, Vol. II. p. 52.



“When Portsmouth did from England fly  
 To follow her Vendome,  
 Thus all along the Gallery\*  
 The monarch made his moan :  
 O Castlemaine,† for charity,  
 Send me my Cleveland‡ home.

“Go, nymph so foolish and unkind,  
 Your wandering knight pursue,  
 And leave a love-sick king behind,  
 So faithful and so true.  
 Ye Gods, when you made Love so blind,  
 You shou’d have lam’d him too.”

Barbara Villiers, daughter of the chivalrous Viscount Grandison, and wife of Roger Palmer, Earl of Castlemaine, became one of the mistresses of Charles II., who made her Duchess of Cleveland, but was supplanted by the Duchess of Portsmouth and Nell Gwyn. Granger§ observes : “Though her pride was great, she is said to have been sometimes humble enough in her amours.” Wycherly, the dramatic writer, was one of her lovers ; and she intrigued with Jacob Hall the Rope-Dancer and Goodman the Player at the same time. Hall was in great request with the ladies, who considered him an Adonis for symmetry and a Hercules for strength. The Duchess, according to Grammont, allowed him a salary.

The fair French woman came, saw, and conquered : the infatuated monarch offered no resistance, and was made a willing prisoner. Wealth and honours were heaped upon her. She displaced all the previous

\* The Gallery at Whitehall, where the Duchess had very splendid apartments. It appears from Evelyn (Vol. ii. p. 311) that that portion of the buildings over the Stone Gallery at Whitehall to the water-side, beginning with apartments of the Duchess of Portsmouth, was consumed by fire, 10th April 1690.

† Roger Palmer, Earl of Castlemaine, the husband of the Duchess. In the “Poems on State Affairs,” Vol. I. p. 134, Castellion is the name of the person she was living with then.

‡ Charles had discarded his old love, the Duchess of Cleveland, for his new one, created Duchess of Portsmouth, August 19, 1673.

§ Vol. V. p. 361.

favourites, with the exception of Nelly, whose influence over the King continued till his death.

The apartments of the favourite at Whitehall were magnificent. Evelyn saw, 16th Sept. 1673, "casually" the "Duchess of Portsmouth's splendid apartments at Whitehall, luxuriously furnished, and with ten times the richness and glory beyond the Queen's suite—many massy pieces of plate, whole tables, and stands of incredible value."

The Duchess had a formidable enemy in the Earl of Rochester, whose opinion of her Grace may be gathered from the following verses :

"PORTSMOUTH'S LOOKING-GLASS.\*

"Methinks I see you, newly risen  
 From your embroider'd bed, \* \*  
 With studied mein and much grimace,  
 Present yourself before your Glass  
 To varnish and rub o'er those graces  
 You rub'd off in your night embraces ;  
 To set your hair, your eyes, your teeth,  
 With all the powers you conquer with ;  
 Lay trains of Love, and State-intrigues,  
 In powders, trimmings, and curl'd wigs ;  
 And neatly choose and neatly spread  
 Upon your cheeks the best French red ;  
 Indeed, for white none can compair  
 With those you naturally wear.  
 And tho' her Highness† much delights  
 To laugh and talk about your whites,  
 I never could perceive your Grace  
 Make use of any for your face.  
 Here 'tis you practice all your art  
 To triumph o'er a monarch's heart ;  
 Tattle and smile, and wink, and twink on't,  
 It almost makes me sick to think on't.

\* "Poems on State Affairs," Vol. I. p. 164 ; London, 1716 ; 8vo. ; where they are specially assigned to Rochester. They occur also in the collected works of his Lordship, previously referred to.

† Catherine of Braganza, the Queen.

These are your master-strokes of beauty,  
 That keep poor Rowley to hard duty;  
 And how can all these be withstood  
 By frail and amorous flesh and blood?  
 These are the charms that have bewitch'd him,  
 As if a conjuror's rod had switch'd him;  
 Made him he knows not what to do,  
 But loll and fumble here with you.  
 Amongst your ladies, and his chitts,  
 At cards and council here he sits,  
 Yet minds not how they play at either,  
 Nor cares not when 'tis walking weather;  
 Bus'ness and power he has resign'd,  
 And all things to your mighty mind.  
 Is there a minister of state,  
 Or any treasurer of late,  
 That's fawning and imperious too,  
 He owes his greatness all to you,  
 And as you see just cause to do't,  
 You keep him in, or put him out.  
 Hence 'tis you give us war and peace;  
 Raise men; disband them, as you please;  
 Take away pensions; retrench wages,  
 For petticoats and lusty pages;  
 Contrive and execute all laws,  
 Suiting the judges to the cause.\*

You govern every Council-meeting,  
 Make the fools do as you think fitting;  
 Your Royal Cully has command  
 Only from you at second hand:  
 He does but at the helm appeare,  
 Sit there and sleepe, while your slaves steer;  
 And you are the bright Northern Starre  
 By which they guide their men of warre."

The author of "The Peerage of England," 1711, Vol. II. p. 316, says that Rochester died on the 26th July

\* The Duke of Lauderdale, who had a thorough knowledge of the Scottish judges, used to tell in England that the law of Scotland might be stated in this short "compend,"—"Shew me the man and I'll shew you the law." If we can credit Rochester, the English judges adopted a similar rule for deciding causes.

1680,\* so that he could not have been author of the verses:

“ON THE DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH’S PICTURE.

“*September 1682.*

“Who can on this Picture look,  
And not strait be wonder-struck  
That such a speaking dowdy thing  
Should make a beggar of a King,  
Three happy nations turn to tears,  
And all their former love to fears;  
Ruin the great, and raise the small,  
Yet will by turns betray them all?  
Lowly born and meanly bred,  
Yet of this nation is the head;  
For half Whitehall make her their court,  
Tho’ th’other half make her their sport.  
Monmouth’s tamer, Jeffery’s advance,  
Foe to England, spy to France,  
False and foolish, proud and bold,  
Ugly, as you see, and old;  
In a word, her mighty Grace  
Is whore in all things but her face.”

Evelyn has a very interesting account of her Grace’s entertainment of the Morocco ambassador at her “glorious apartments” at Whitehall, at which he was present: —“*24 January 1683*. This evening I was at the entertainment of the Morocco Ambassador at the Duchess of Portsmouth’s glorious apartments at Whitehall, where was a great banquet of sweetmeats and music: but at which both the Ambassador and his retinue behaved themselves with extraordinary moderation and modesty, though placed about a long table, a lady between two Moors, and amongst these were the King’s natural children, viz., Lady Litchfield and Sussex, the Duchess of Portsmouth, Nelly, &c., &c., concubines, and cattle of

\* Other genealogists fix the date of his demise in 1681, which would still negative his authorship.

that sort, as splendid as jewells and excess of bravery could make them: the Moors neither admiring nor seeming to regard anything, furniture or the like, with any earnestness, and but decently tasting of the banquet. They drank a little milk and water, but not a drop of wine; they also drank of a sorbit and jocolat,\* but did not look about or stare on the ladies, or express the least surprise, but with a courtly negligence, in pace, countenance, and whole behaviour, answering only to such questions as were asked with a great deal of gallantry; and so gravely took leave, with this compliment, that God would bless the Duchess of Portsmouth and the Prince her son, meaning the little Duke of Richmond. The King came in at the latter end, just as the Ambassador was going away. In this manner was this slave—for he was no more at home—entertained by most of the Nobility in Town; and he went after to Hyde Park on horseback, where he and his retinue showed their extraordinary activity in horsemanship, and finging and catching their lances at full speed: they rode very short, and could stand upright at full speed,† managing their horses with incredible agility. He went sometimes to the theatres, where, upon any foolish or fantastic action, he could not forbear laughing, but he endeavoured to hide it with extraordinary modesty and gravity. In a word, the Russian Ambassador, still at Court, behaved himself like a clown, compared to this civil heathen.”

“The Duchess,” remarks Granger, “occasionally dissembled love, the vapours, or sickness, and rarely ever failed of working the easy monarch to her point. Her polite manners and agreeable temper rivetted the chains which her personal charms had imposed upon him: she had the first place in his affections, and he continued to love her to the day of his death. Her beauty, which was not of the most delicate kind, seemed to be very little impaired at seventy years of age.” She survived the monarch forty-nine years, attained the advanced age of eighty-nine, and died in November 1734. Her sister

\* Sherbet and Chocolate.

† Diary, Vol. II. p.

‡ Vol. V. p. 363.

married Philip, Earl of Pembroke, with whom she led a miserable life. After his death she married a French marquis, and died at Paris in 1728.

Her Grace had one son by the King, who conferred upon him the Dukedom of Richmond in England and Lennox in Scotland. These honours had lapsed to the Crown upon the death of the last Duke, a Stewart, to whom as next of kin the monarch was served heir-male in Scotland. Instead of Stewart or De Querouaille\* his father gave him the surname of Lennox, which continues in his descendants.

The death of Rochester in July 1680† removed a bitter enemy of the Duchess; and amongst those he had patronized, one eminent dramatic author was fortunate enough to repair his loss by obtaining the patronage of the favoured mistress of Charles, who accepted the dedication of the tragedy by which he is best known in the present time, and which has continued to keep its place as an acting drama ever since. This dedication is in the usual style, but not quite so absurd as that which Crowne prefixed to the "Destruction of Jerusalem." Otway assures the Duchess that nature and fortune were certainly in league when she was born, and that league she "first took care to give her beauty enough to enslave the hearts of all the world, so the other resolved to do its merits justice, that none but a monarch fit to rule should ever possess it, and in it he had an empire." This is followed up by referring to the "blooming virtues of the young Prince presented by her to the Monarch, which easily declares the mighty stock he came from," and of whose noble and generous education all the *pious* care of a dear mother and a prudent guardian had taken care. He concludes by an earnest prayer that "rich blessings of every description may crown his future fortunes."‡

\* In many of the pamphlets of the times he is called Carwell or Carewell.

† His only son died the following year, when the Earldom of Rochester and Barony of Wilmot became extinct in that family.

‡ Preface to "Venice Preserved." First edition. London, 1682. 4to.



Otway was fortunate in his protectress, for her Grace was of more substantial service to him than his late patron had been, and he says, "Your noble pity and compassion found me where I was far cast back from my blessing, down in the rear of fortune, call'd me up, placed me in the shine, and I have felt its comfort. You have in that restor'd me to my native right, for a steady faith and loyalty to my Prince was all the inheritance my father left me, and, however hardly my ill fortunes deal with me, 'tis what I prize so well, that I ne'er pawn'd it yet, and hope I shall never part with it." It is pleasing to have this testimony of the kindness of the Duchess to the ill-fated poet, upon his own admission—the more particularly as from his having been a servant of Rochester, he could hardly have expected to receive favours from one whom his patron had taken every opportunity of ridiculing and insulting. This gleam of sunshine was brief, and immediately passed away on the death of Charles, when the accession of a brother, whose endeavours to restore Popery ultimately caused the exclusion of the race of Stewart from the throne of the three kingdoms.

With the death of Charles the influence of the Duchess terminated, as, from her having promoted the bill for the exclusion of the Duke of York, she had incurred the displeasure of a vindictive and revengeful ruler.\* The "Young Prince," who had been made Master of the Horse by his father in the room of his brother the Duke of Monmouth, was dismissed for the indiscretion of his mother, although a child at the time. Her Grace's pensioners naturally must have suffered by her fall.† The Duke of Richmond could not have been much more than twelve years of age when his uncle thought

\* The cruelties perpetrated by his order, or with his knowledge, after the suppression of Monmouth's rebellion can never be palliated or overlooked. His punishment of Monmouth may have been warranted, but the *wholesale* murder of his adherents never can.

† Otway died in a state of great misery upon the 14th of April 1685, having survived the accession of James II. two months and eight days.

proper, in contempt of the death-bed request of his brother, to deprive him of his office.\*

Scott, in a notice prefixed to a song called "The Fair Stranger, who was detained by Charles and made a Duchess," observes, "Notwithstanding the detestation in which she was held by his subjects on account of her religion, country, and politics, she continued to be Charles' principal favourite till the very hour of his death, then he recommended her and her son to his successor's protection." The revolution restored the young Duke to royal favour, and he was appointed aide-de-camp to William III. whilst serving under him during the wars in Flanders. He was subsequently one of the Lords of the Bedchamber of George I., and died on the 27th May 1723, at Goodwood, at the age of fifty-five.† He married Anne, second daughter of Francis, Lord Brudenel, and by her had one son, Charles, who, on the death of his grandmother in 1734, succeeded to the Duchy of Aubigny, in France, in addition to the English and Scotch Dukedoms inherited from his father.

Whatever may be the opinion of modern times on the subject of dramas in rhyme, there seems little doubt but that after the Restoration they were more than tolerated during the whole reign of Charles II., whose taste had been influenced by his residence in France, where the force and beauty of blank verse were little known, and continue even now to be held in little esteem. His Majesty's taste must have materially influenced the Court, and the patronage of the ruling favourite would not be without its due weight with the noble courtiers. Added to this, the covert attack upon the Puritans of the Commonwealth under the designation of Pharisees‡ would be greatly relished by the play-going citizens of London, many of whom would not have forgotten the

\* Dryden's Works. Second edition. Edinburgh, 1821. Vol. XI., p. 163.

† Brydges' Edition of Collins. Vol. I. p. 206. London, 1812. 8vo.

‡ "Fanaticks are but Jews uncircumcis'd."—*Epilogue to First Part*, p. 310.

annoyances they were subjected in by the intolerance of the rigidly righteous.

The actors are not given in the printed copy of the drama, but Geneste, quoting Downes,\* assigns the part of Phraartes to Hart; Mathias, to Mr Dunn; John, to Cartwright; Titus, to Kynaston; Berenice, to Mrs Marshall; and Clarona, to Mrs Boutell.

The first part ends before the commencement of the Siege.

The same writer says: "Both these tragedies are in rhyme; and it is not easy to say whether the plan or the execution of them is the worse. They were well received by the town, and the second part was revived at Drury Lane, July 1, 1712." He quotes from Crowne's dedication a part of the concluding paragraph: "I fix your Grace's image at this Jewish Temple-gate, to render the building sacred." He should have finished the quotation: "Nor can the Jews be angry with so beautiful a profanation; and in guiding them to you, they are conducted, like their ancestors, to repose and happiness, in the most fair and delightful part of the world."

The versification is for the most part not better than that of other rhyming dramas, neither is it worse. The song of the Levites before the opening of the Temple is exceedingly beautiful. There is another set of verses in the second act which would deserve equal praise but for the subject.

\* Vol. I. p. 203.

## TO HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH.

Beauty, Madam, has received from Nature a dominion so pleasing that men contend not with more ambition for empire over their own sex, than subjection to yours. Kings have worn your sex's chains with as much pleasure as their crowns, and conquerors have followed your triumphs with as much delight as they have seen their own attended by Kings : a dominion so absolute, that all your commands are laws. Indeed, Princes who are beloved shall be absolute, their subjects will force arbitrary power upon 'em. Nothing enslaves like love, force binds our hands but love captivates our hearts. How absolute then must beauty be ! No man yet ever had the will much less the power to rebel against it. They who should seek to depose it would begin a civil war in their own bosoms, and lay waste and ruinate the most delightful possessions of their minds. And, lastly, so large, that it finds subjects where it finds men : Its empire extends as far as human nature, and its spoils are all that's excellent in the whole creation. But men claim to be subjects of its empire as the birth-right of reason, and esteem that, too, as one of reason's great advantages. Beasts are excluded that claim ; cannot be naturalized into that dominion, for want of the ennoblements of reason. Men are exalted to love beauty by the same faculty which lifts 'em to adore Heaven ; and there is a kind of divinity in beauty, which makes love to be a kind of religion. Beauty is certainly the fairest visible image of divinity in

the world. The ancients, therefore, built temples and altars to it, and ranked it amongst Celestial Powers. We Christians have much ado to abstain from that idolatry; however, we pay it as high honours, though under other names. That these, Madam, are the rights and possessions of beauty, you cannot but know; that they are therefore yours all the world knows, but you. But, Madam, wrong your beauty in your own opinion as much as you please, you cannot injure it in others; the sun will shine though you wink, and you will be fair, whether you regard it or no. And, that beauty will have empire, how great, may appear by the many and mighty conquests it makes; and in a nation too where you have such numerous and considerable rivals for that dominion, some perhaps as powerful as any in the world, you, like the goddess of beauty, gain the Golden Ball, not from humble mortals, but your fellow goddesses. How clear a title you have to it I shall not say, for I shall not please you by it, and I shall displease them: Nothing is so hateful to the conquered as to be upbraided with their misfortune. But certainly how mean an opinion soever you have, Heaven has none, of that workmanship which he takes care to plant such lights of glory round about to shew: and though nature might have discovered you to more advantage in a greater empire, and by brighter lights of fortune, yet it proves how fond she was of that fair idea which she was not able to conceal. They then who admire you shew their good manners to nature and providence, in commending Nature's workmanship, and Providence's choice of a favourite. But I fear the many fair ones, over whom you triumph, will think themselves treated by this discourse with too much insolence; however I am sure they will not grutch you the few

flowers that a poor poet brings to strew in your way, especially when they come from gardens warm'd by the lustre of your favour, and watered by royal bounty, which you caus'd to be shower'd upon it: moved to it by no friends of mine, for I had few; by no merits, for I had fewer; but only by your own excellent mind. How many attractives then have the following poems to excuse their pressing into your presence? They attend you not only as born in general vassalage to your beauty, but as creatures that received life from the concurrence of your favour. I am now engaging in another theme more safe than the former: I shall anger neither sex by expatiating on an excellence which will contract you no envy, your patronage of wit; that province you may enjoy without any trouble from multitudes of pretenders, you need not fear lest the ambitious great ones of either sex invade you in it. No, Heaven be thanked, we live in an age wherein men are content to want wit, and to let others possess as much of it as they please: We need no laws to secure us in the possession of that propriety. Witty men indeed do often quarrel with one another about it, because they know the value of it; others think it not worth contending for; against it indeed they often strive, and they have reason, it treats 'em rudely, will have no friendship, no acquaintance with them, will make no court to 'em, will scarcely lend 'em a little sense for common conversation: This carriage I must confess is very provoking, especially when to men of quality. They have cause to be angry with it, and to revenge themselves of it, as they often seek to do, by thrusting it out of their own, or any favour which might advantage it, setting up fashions, dresses, or anything in the room of it. Your Grace then must both know and value the jewel



well, which you will take up and wear, when it is not only flung into the dirt by others, but trod upon. And wear it safely you may. Wit may dress you in all the lustre it has, and never endanger you a blasting from the fascinations of envious and malignant eyes. But though by ascribing this praise to you I displease not others, I fear I shall your Grace, for by protecting a despised quality you could not aim at praise : besides praise being one of the vainest pleasures of mankind, so excellent a mind cannot nor need not delight in it : you may find satisfaction enough at home, you need not go abroad for happiness. And we, who place your statues in our gardens, add no glory to you, only make our own walks delighted in by our selves, and frequented by others, which else would lye neglected by both. I fix then your Grace's Image at this Jewish Temple Gate, to render the building sacred, nor can the Jews be angry with so beautiful a profanation ; and, in guiding them to you, they are conducted like their ancestors to repose and happiness, in the most fair and delightful part of the world. There I shall leave 'em, and retire to the contemplation of it, no moderate degree of happiness to one who is, with so much devotion,

Madam,

Your Grace's most humble,

and most obliged servant,

JOHN CROWN.

## THE EPISTLE TO THE READER.

Reader,—The world having been kind to these plays, I would not be so ungrateful to requite any of my judges by giving 'em offence ; at least if I am so unhappy as to do it, I would not willingly let it pass without some apology. I have raised up an hero in these plays, which appears to some pious critics to be an evil spirit, and makes 'em to have no good opinion of me for having such familiarity with him. There are several things in his part, and particularly in a scene of dispute between him and his mistress, in the third act in the second play, which I have been requested by many, and some very considerable persons, not to print. To comply with 'em I have left out some few things, and would willingly have done all, but that, on second thoughts I considered, the disarming my hero was tacitly to acknowledge him a braver man than he is, and even yield him the better of the cause, I therefore thought it would be fairer dealing in the behalf of Truth, which needs no tricks, to expose him to all his advantages, so to make the victory of Truth the more glorious. And, reader, if you will please to peruse that scene carefully, you will find he is no such formidable person as imagined, and is indebted for his reputation more to others' opinion and partiality, than his own strength. He makes not one argument against religion, and only evades those that are made for it ; as any one of ordinary capacity may easily discover. Indeed his cause will admit of no more. I was loth then to cut off no less than a whole limb of a wretch, who

if he had more hands than Briareus, had too few to fight against heaven : And certainly whatever I am imagined to have, I shewed him no great kindness in sending him to storm so impregnable a tower, from whence any child might throw him down. He might easier with Hercules pull up trees by the roots, than the notion of a Deity out of the souls of men. A notion so ingrafted in us, it seems a part of us : Let men strive never so much to get at liberty from it, any hair of their heads will hold 'em. To conclude, If I cou'd have said more for Atheism, it argues I have no great kindness for a cause I have betray'd ; if I said all I cou'd I hope no one will believe me of an opinion for which I have so little to say.

This I think may suffice to recover my reputation with these pious critics. Before I go home, I must visit a lady or two by the way to pacify if I can their displeasure against this scene also. They are angry not at Phraartes' vigorous talk against religion, but that so vigorous a man should talk at all ; they expected on his return from a victory, something more pleasing than a dispute. I confess they know much better than I what pleases their sex ; but at this present I was so unhappy as not to intend to please 'em. For having employ'd this and two heroes more, for almost ten acts, in nothing else but love, I thought I had given 'em enough for reasonable women, and might borrow this Hero to entertain the men for a minute with a little reason, if it were but to give him some respite to breath : but I find 'tis harder to give some ladies enough than I thought it was. Besides, these ladies may consider, if they please, Phraartes makes not love to them, but Clarona, to whom a discourse of love was not so pleasing as to them, who care to hear nothing else ; she loved to talk of

religion sometimes, which they never do, it seems. She would fain convert Phraartes, which they would ne'er have troubled their heads about ; he on the other hand had as great a zeal for her body, and it concerned his love as much to gain her to his opinions, as it did her piety to gain him to hers ; that this very dispute is in pursuance of his love, removing religion, the main, only, and perpetual obstacle that lay in its way.

But perhaps a man ought not to talk reason in love : I confess since love has got the sole possession of the stage, reason has had little to do there ; that effeminate prince has softened and emasculated us the vassals of the stage. The reason why the off-springs of the Moderns are such short-liv'd things, is because the Genii that beget 'em are so given to women ; they court nothing but the ladies' favours, with them they waste all their strength, whereas the lusty ancients who fed on the wholesome diet of good sense, and used themselves to the strong manly exercises of reason, have been the Fathers of vigorous issue, who have lived longer than the oldest Patriarchs, and are like to live as long as there are men. I, who am a friend both to love and good sense, endeavoured to reconcile 'em, and to bring reason into favour, not with hopes to rule ; I desired only to procure him some little office in the stage, but I find it made an uproar, love would not endure such an innovation, it threatned his settled government ; and reason is not at all popular ; the ladies knew not what to make of his conversation, and the men generally sleep at it ; that I see but little hopes of his preferment, which I am sorry for, since what future being I shall enjoy, I shall owe solely to him. Titus and Berenice as great gallants as they have been in France, and as good a shew as they have

made in England, have not such a substantial fortune to maintain them for future ages, but I am afraid will be reduced to depend on Phraartes for a livelihood. The whinings of love, like a pretty new tune, please for a while, but are soon laid aside, and never thought of more ; the same notes perhaps may help to compose another, but the old air is altered, and for ever forgotten.

But lest it should be imagin'd by this long defence, I suppose the plays to be correct, I acknowledge there are many faults in design, which I had no leisure to mend ; and many in words and phrases which I had not inclination. I love not too much carefulness in small things. To be exact in trifles is the business of a little Genius. They, therefore, who pride themselves much in their knowledge of words and phraseology, boast of knowing little ; for those skills appear considerable to none but them who know nothing. Something I intend also to say in vindication of my self from theft ; some persons accused me of stealing the parts of Titus and Berenice from the French play written by Mr Racine on the same subject ; but a gentleman having lately translated that play, and exposed it to public view on the stage, has saved me that labour, and vindicated me better than I can my self. I wou'd not be asham'd to borrow, if my occasions compell'd me, from any rich author : But all foreign coin must be melted down, and receive a new stamp, if not an addition of metal, before it will pass current in England, and be judged sterling : That borrowing or stealing from Mr Racine could not have supplied my occasions ; but I am not so necessitous yet, nor have lived so prodigally on my small stock of poetry, to be put so soon to those miserable shifts.

THE NAMES OF THE PERSONS IN BOTH PLAYS.

TITUS VESPASIAN.

PHRAARTES. *A Parthian King driven out of his country, by a conspiracy between the Romans and Parthian rebels, comes to Jerusalem with a royal train ; falls in love with Clarona, and for her sake stays during the whole siege.*

MATTHIAS. *High priest, and governor of Jerusalem.*

SAGAN. *His deputy.*

PHINEAS. *Prince of the Sanhedrim, or supreme council of Jerusalem.*

TIBERIAS. *Commander of all the Roman forces under Titus Vespasian.*

MALCHUS. *King of Arabia,* } *Allies to Titus*  
ANTIOCHUS. *King of Comagene,* } *Vespasian.*

*And assist him with forces at the Siege of Jerusalem.*

JOHN. *A dissembling Pharisaic Jew, made of Matthias's council, but betrays him, and falsely accuses him to the seditious.*

240 THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

ELEAZAR.	<i>A leader of the seditious.</i>
MONOBAZUS.	<i>Brother to the King of Adiabene, a neighbouring country to Judea, in love with Queen Berenice.</i>
QUEEN BERENICE.	<i>By nation a Jewess; made Queen of Judea, and several bordering provinces, by the Romans.</i>
CLARONA.	<i>Daughter to Matthias.</i>
SEMANDRA. }	<i>Women to</i> { <i>Queen Berenice.</i> <i>Clarona.</i>
PHEDRA. }	

*Romans, Parthians, Pharisees, &c.*

## THE PROLOGUE TO THE FIRST PART.

A poet lately by you sent to hell  
Justly, as he acknowledg'd when he fell :  
His discontented spirit walks around  
This stage, where he receiv'd his mortal wound.  
Seeking the reason why he walks, we find  
'Tis to reveal hid treasure left behind :  
Not to build tombs of honour to his name,  
But ransom us his suff'ring friends from shame.  
Some thought because he had not on the stage  
Ranted it oft in huffing equipage,  
Profusely lavish'd all his wealth away  
On some one lov'd and perhaps jilting play,—  
As some unhappily have done before—  
That living niggardly he died but poor ;  
As if that wasting were the way to gain,  
A maxim ne'er will within Ludgate reign.  
Two chests of rubbish, which we bullion call,  
We find of his, our skill indeed is small,  
Artists alone know mettle in the ore,  
But if it silver prove we still are poor ;  
If you, wit's senators, will judge it brass,  
You may instead of gold make leather pass,  
As you have done sometimes by sovereign power.  
And if you do, Wit has no emperour  
To whom he may appeal from your decrees,  
'Tis one of Wit's severest destinies  
Still by a damn'd republic to be rul'd ;  
Where men by names of liberty are fool'd ;  
Where virtues are by vices still out-brav'd,  
And bravest men are oft by slaves enslav'd.  
Never was born a monarch yet in Wit,  
And none by force that throne could ever get,



Though usurpation all of you design,  
 And every senator's a Catiline.  
 Keep these great plots among your own high tribe,  
 But do not slaves for senators prescribe ?  
 Poets are slaves, who, but for your delight,  
 Toil in the Muses' gardens day and night.  
 If blood you love, then stab some living slave ;  
 Let this dead wretch lie quiet in his grave.

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*A SONG to be sung by Levites at the Temple Gates, on  
 the opening of the scene.*

Day is dismounted on the watery plain,  
 And Evening does begin to fold  
 Up Light's rich cloth of gold,  
 And Nature's face the Night begins to stain.  
 Holy angels round us keep,  
 While our sense dissolves in sleep.  
 While the half of us is dead  
 Let the living half be led  
 To your gardens, to your bowers,  
 Where you pass your pleasing hours.  
 Treat within your heavenly tents  
 Your brethren spirits thus in state,  
 While they wait  
 The leisure of their slumb'ring sense.

# THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

## THE FIRST PART.

### ACT I. SCENE I.

*The curtain drawn, the brazen gates of the Temple appear ; music is heard within. Above, without the Temple as in the women's court, behind gilded lattices, appear Queen BERENICE and CLARONA at their devotion.*

*Enter PHRAARTES and MONOBAZUS.*

*Phraar.* Ha ! at devotion still ? Can the tir'd air  
Obtain no truce from sacrifice and prayer ?  
They are importunate, with their great power  
They let him scarce enjoy one quiet hour ;  
But ply him still with sacrifice so fast,  
He's cloy'd with new ere he digests the last.  
These are gay splendid follies !

*Monob.* Something more,  
If we own gods ; we must those gods adore.  
*Phraar.* 'Tis true ! And Heaven does in no place  
appear,  
Treated with such magnificence as here.

*Monob.* I like it well.

*Phraar.* And I, for I confess  
Were I a god I would expect no less.  
But this romantic tale of gods and fate  
Takes well, and is a useful art of State,

Which the fond world into subjection brings.

*Monob.* Since you dispute a power supreme to  
Kings,

What gods may in your Kingdom worshipt be ?

*Phraar.* None ! Or, if any, the slaves worship me,  
Though now a villain does prophane my throne ;  
But his base blood shall soon his guilt atone.  
But you, who so devout and grave wou'd seem,  
With whom these powers are in such great esteem,  
Who are your heavenly lords ?

*Monob.* We prostrate fall  
To our own gods alone ; but rev'rence all.  
And if we err 'tis on the safest hand ;  
All own some power that does the world command :  
Even mighty Rome bows to Celestial Powers.

*Phraar.* She does ! but lower to her emperors.  
But, ah ! my friend, thou hast reviv'd my shame,  
My blood is fir'd at that insulting name.  
But all her idols shall my chains repent,  
I'll make her gods and her less insolent.

*Monob.* Since to this place you did your fortunes  
guide,  
Your envious stars have seem'd to change their  
side ;

The glorious things you in short time have done  
Have this throng'd city's admiration won.  
They idolize your name, and boast, with pride,  
To their great race of Kings you are allied.  
Exalted hopes they on your valour build,  
Look to have prophecies in you fulfill'd.

*Phraar.* I small respect shou'd to my kindred  
pay,  
Did not imperious love command my stay.

*Monob.* The same insulting power confines me  
here,

And see ! our lovely goddesses appear.

[Both turn towards the Temple.

*Phraar.* Divine Clarona !

*Monob.* And the beauteous Queen !——

*Phraar.* Kneel, to whom gods might on their knees be seen.

Ill-manner'd powers ; with a regardless eye  
Can you behold such beauty prostrate lye ?

*Monob.* How bright a vision entertains my eyes,  
[*Aside.*

Whilst I am doom'd to endless miseries !  
Like one shut out from Heav'n, the glories there  
Torment his sight, and add to his despair.

*Phraar.* I'll raise 'em up ! for I resentments feel,  
That creatures so divine so long should kneel.

[*Proffers to go, and is stopt by Monobazus.*

*Monob.* Hold ! they are now on some uncommon rite,

To which this evening they their gods invite :  
Queen Berenice, who not by birth alone,  
As their King's daughter, claims the Jewish Throne,  
But as successor to her brother slain,  
O'er many neighbouring provinces does reign ;  
And by her beauty rules both them and Rome,  
Is lately from Vespasian's army come,  
In part to tender her lost nation peace,  
And take their humble state in its distress  
To the protection of her conquering eyes,  
And partly for the great solemnities  
These devout tribes to their dead kindred pay,  
If their own laws and customs they'll obey.

*Phraar.* 'Tis fit they should, chiefly when princes die,

Kings should not sleep without solemnity.

*Monob.* For this some time sh'as in Jerus'lem stay'd ;

Mean while the crowd, by frantic rebels sway'd,  
From their own governors and priests revolt,  
And every moment the Queen's life assault.

This, royal sir, you by experience know,  
For to your sword she does her safety owe.

*Phraar.* Rather to yours, brave friend, that honour's due !

I only seek in fame to rival you.

*Monob.* You're to your own unjust. But now the Queen,

Who the whole time has rudely treated been,  
Wearied with clamours and devotion too,  
Has thoughts of bidding them and Heav'n adieu :  
Some say to-night she'll towards the camp repair,  
And take her leave of sacrifice and prayer.  
Howe'er she now does her last offerings make,  
Whilst from their oracles they counsel take.

*Phraar.* Valour's the only oracle of war !  
Let 'em ask that, and their vain altars spare.  
But the great ceremony does conclude ;  
When gods retire, poor mortals may intrude.

*The gates open, and MATTHIAS, SAGAN, and another PRIEST come out of the sanctuary. Loud musique plays. PHINEAS, JOHN, PHARISEES enter on one side of the stage, QUEEN BERENICE and CLARONA on the other. MATTHIAS whispers JOHN and the PHARISEES, who immediately after go off. PHRAARTES and MONOBAZUS address themselves in dumb show to CLARONA and BERENICE. The musique at length ceases, and MATTHIAS thus speaks to the QUEEN.*

*Matth.* Now, madam, we with solemn thanks must own,

The royal pity to your nation shown :  
You, from the stormy cloud that hovers o'er  
This town, descend like a relenting power,  
Into your sacred guardianship to take  
A distrest place, which earth and heaven forsake :

But oft, as when the fatal hour draws nigh  
 Of some great man, whom pain compels to die,  
 His struggling powers with scorn their sentence take,  
 And 'mongst themselves do a rebellion make :  
 Then on his own distorted limbs does seize,  
 And there chastise weak nature's cowardice :  
 But thinks, the while, he has with monsters fought,  
 And horrid shapes are in his fancy wrought ;  
 So in distracting pangs our nation lyes,  
 As if depriv'd of sense with miseries.  
 Tearing it self, and haunted with a fiend  
 That does to zeal and piety pretend ;  
 And fills their cheated thoughts with axes, rods,  
 Chains, death, and all the list of heathen gods :  
 That every thing is a false god they see,  
 And all they do is zeal and piety ;  
 But if the hated name of Rome they hear,  
 Then they in frantique agonies appear :  
 Rending the air with a fanattick cry  
 Of tyrants, Rome, new gods, idolatry.

*Phine.* Yes, madam, this is our unhappy state ;  
 Nay, all that Rome adores, they so much hate,  
 They fly at you, cause your commanding eyes  
 Are great Vespasian's gods and destinies ;  
 And if what he adores they can prophane,  
 They boast as if they had a Dagon slain.

*Q. Beren.* Yes ! I their zeal to my dishonour  
 prove,  
 They boldly would prescribe me whom to love :  
 I not alone must quit a glorious state,  
 And all the crowns that on my passion wait,  
 But the whole power of love I must repeal,  
 To please I know not what fantastique zeal.  
 I love, and long have lov'd ; nor count it shame  
 If to the world my passion I proclaim,  
 For the renown of him I love, may hide  
 A Princess' blushes, and excuse her pride.

*Monob.* Oh ! my stab'd heart ! what killing words I hear !

What torturing pangs must I in silence bear ?

*Phraar.* Oh ! Divine musique ! hearken fairest saint ! [*Aside.*  
[*To Clarona.*

When will your angel-voice my ears enchant  
With such a song might ravish gods or kings,  
And make the crowing Cupids clap their wings ?

*Clara.* When from all goodness I my thoughts remove,

Then heaven perhaps may punish me with love.

*Phraar.* Oh ! may you assume to such a height with speed,

The gods may in your punishment exceed !

Be so severe, no heart that e'er despis'd

The sacred power of love was so chastis'd.

*Q. Beren.* And now their frenzy at a passion flies,

In which, more than in arms, their safety lyes ;

One smile of mine can Cæsar more subdue

Than the whole universe in arms can do :

Yet is my life in so much danger here,

Each hour some barbarous assault I fear ;

Nay, coming guarded with a slender train,

I had, on my approach to town, been slain

By a fierce ambush for my chariot laid,

Had not my angel guided to my aid

This generous Prince unknown, who ever since

[*To Monob.*

Has still employ'd his sword in my defence ;

And to the King I grateful must appear,

[*Turning to Phraar.*

Whose sword obliges me with safety here.

*Sag.* To King Phraartes' sword our lives, our town,

Altars and temples their protection own !

*Phraar.* Beauty and gods to worship men pretend,  
 And what they worship they should still defend ;  
 And they alike in my protection share,  
 Because they equally defenceless are.

*Matth.* Well, madam, since our crowds thus rude appear,  
 We are unworthy of your presence here.  
 But now the Feast of Passover draws nigh,  
 The yearly triumph of Divinity ;  
 When to his Temple all our tribes repair  
 From every nation, where they scatter'd are,  
 To sound his praise, and at his altars wait,  
 The old deliverance to commemorate :  
 When our good angel Egypt's first born slew,  
 And all our tribes from hateful bondage drew,  
 And through retiring seas a passage made,  
 Whilst Kings and elements our powers obey'd.  
 This feast we hope you'll with your presence  
 grace,  
 The chief remain of all our royal race.

*Q. Beren.* I gladly would to heav'n my tribute pay,  
 But great affairs will not admit my stay :  
 Part of my solemn invitation here  
 Was the due honour I the memory bear  
 Of King Agrippa, my dear brother slain,  
 Of our high blood the hope and great remain ;  
 Whose royal life by fatal honour lost,  
 Your State a friend, and me this sorrow cost.

*Monob.* Gods ! how I tremble at the words I hear,  
 [ *Aside.*  
 Little thinks she his murd'rer stands so near :  
 And less that her fair eyes revenge his blood,  
 Ev'n on his heart by whom he was subdu'd.

*Q. Beren.* When I the royal body can obtain,  
 From those with whom it captive does remain,



Here in some tomb, that does devoutly keep  
 Our father's sacred ashes, it shall sleep :  
 Meanwhile in honour of his royal name,  
 To pay my vows and offerings here I came ;  
 And now, my public mourning days expire,  
 My own affairs command me to retire :  
 But wheresoe'er I shall my progress bend,  
 Your laws and State have an eternal friend.

*Phraar.* And wheresoe'er I this bright beauty  
 see, [To Clarona.  
 That place shall more than sacred be to me.

*Matth.* My daughter, sir, you too much honour  
 show. [To Phraar.

For what your bounty, madam, would bestow,  
 We pay our thanks, but we have all decreed,  
 We in Jerusalem's defence will bleed.  
 We think we war against the gods of Rome,  
 And all that die have crowns of martyrdom :  
 But though we Roman gods and tyrants hate,  
 To your commands we gladly bow our State,  
 And the small time you stay command as Queen,  
 With all the state our Kings have treated been.

[*Guards for the King and Queen,*  
 { *Ex. Phraar. Monob.*  
 { *Beren. and Clarona.*

*Matth.* Now with heaven's praises we the day  
 have clos'd,

Some hours in counsel might be well dispos'd ;  
 For though we have suppress the rebels' powers,  
 And close confin'd them in their vaults and  
 towers,

'Tis said to Edom they've for aid address,  
 To save poor saints by tyranny oppress ;  
 And fifteen thousand arbiters of state  
 Are on their march, the bus'ness to debate.  
 But though we slight these advocates' defence,  
 We yet may fear our pris'ners' insolence :

Therefore their angry minds a while to please,  
I sent a train of devout Pharisees,  
The only men the zealots now adore,  
Led too by John our new-made counsellor,  
To ask with mildness, what is their intent ?

*Phin.* Yes ! but I wish you better men had  
sent :

For, sir, in short, your counsels are betray'd,  
John and the Pharisees unite their aid  
To undermine your power ; the Pharisees  
Their own revengeful humour to appease,  
Because of late you wisely, sir, have checkt  
The pride and growth of that usurping Sect.

*Sug.* And th' other traitor by designs like these  
To creep in power by unperceiv'd degrees :  
For which he does all villany contemn.  
He fawns on us, and then he prays with them.  
To every art and subtlety he flies,  
Them he deludes with prayers, and us with lies.  
The holy place he visits every hour,  
But 'tis to whisper in the rebels' tower ;  
What we consult, where to deceive the rout,  
He is at once both perjurd and devout ;  
And does at once both parties cheat and please,  
Out-faces us, out-whines the Pharisees,  
Who see his subtle crafts, yet trust him still,  
In love to falsehood and his dext'rous skill.

*Matth.* All these mysterious characters I've  
read,  
And seen the lurking treachery that's hid  
In humble fawnings, and in fierce pretence  
To each punctilio of obedience.  
For I'm assur'd their treacheries infus'd  
Those false surmises, which the crowd abus'd ;  
But they shall find I so much treason hate,  
From foes and traitors too I'll guard the State.  
But they return !

*Enter JOHN, and two or three PHARISEES.*

*John.* No hopes or means their furies to dissuade!

*Phin.* Dissembling villain! we're by thee betray'd.

*John.* I'th' name of injur'd piety I'd know

On whom you all these foul reproaches throw?

*Phin.* On thee, and that false tribe, who on pretence

Of rigorous piety and nice innocence,

Craftily all our interests devour,

And whine themselves into esteem and power;

Casting such mists before the people's eyes,

That none but they are thought devout or wise:

Then when they have made the crowd our pow'r  
contemn,

We must be silent, or depend on them.

*John.* Sir, such has been my service to the State,

That I disdain to bring it in debate,

And therefore shall not offer a reply

To such a false injurious calumny.

But though my wrongs I can with patience bear,

Methinks my zeal's a little mov'd to hear

These good and pious men reproacht; nay more,

Zeal and religion wounded on their score:

I *Phari.* You're bold and know not whom you  
disrespect.

*Phin.* Yes, pious sir! 'tis an imperious sect,  
Wherewith our land has swarm'd three hundred  
years,

Whose pride in your dividing name appears;

You by the style of Pharisees are known,

Proud Separatists who common saints disown;

And, as if you were of diviner birth,

The rest you style the people of the earth.

*Sag.* From these in proud contempt your sect  
withdraw,

For your seraphic lives correct the law;

And your complexions are so nice and fair,  
 You're sick if you but taste a sinner's prayer.  
 But Gentiles with such nauseous zeal you fly,  
 As if the sight of them defil'd your eye ;  
 And thus our people's hearts and wealths you steal,  
 Murder and rob with loyalty and zeal,  
 And the fond crowd into rebellion draw ;  
 Abuse our State, our altars, and our law.

*Phin.* And thou, false traitor, dost us all delude,  
 [To *John*.

Both us, the rebels, and the multitude.

*John.* How ! I delude ?

*Phin.* Yes ! we have read the sense  
 Of all your fawnings, pray'rs, and diligence :  
 Such as false fiends in active duty pay  
 To cheated souls, on whom they hope to prey.  
 Most wondrous kind and ready at each call,  
 Intending to betray and damn 'em all.

*Matth.* Yes ! you have not alone your trust be-  
 tray'd,

But false constructions on my councils made,  
 As if to Rome I would my country yield,  
 That by its fall I might my greatness build :  
 A crime I so much scorn——  
 I would not sell the stones on which I tread,  
 For all the crowns upon Vespasian's head :  
 And now, lest justice should your crimes prevent,  
 You to the Edomites for aid have sent :  
 But if they shall press arm'd within the gate,  
 I'll treat 'em here, as enemies to th' State.  
 And then to shew how I their force despise,  
 I will the rebels in their sight chastise.

*John.* Ha ! are my arts and policies descried ?

[*Aside*.

I must defend what 'tis in vain to hide.  
 Have I in your assistance wept and pray'd,  
 And now must all your guilt on me be laid ?

This I deserve from Providence, 'tis true,  
 But 'tis ingrateful wickedness in you.  
 Yet I, Heaven knows, did truth and peace intend,  
 By means should be as holy as the end :  
 But in this treason I'll no longer share,  
 I'll to my shame the mystery declare.

'Tis truth, my friends, what these bad men have  
 said, *[To the Pharisees.*

I'm an impostor, you are all betray'd !  
 I promis'd peace ; but you are sold to Rome,  
 Defend your altars, lives !—the Romans come !  
 Dark compacts with idolaters are made,  
 And they are hast'ning to these tyrants' aid ;  
 Who, to secure the power they so much prize,  
 To all the Roman gods will sacrifice.

*Matth.* Unheard of impudence ! the fiends that fly  
 I' th' air will shout at this amazing lie.

1 *Phar.* 'Tis truth ! and in the holy cause we'll  
 die ! *[All draw.*

To arms ! to arms ! tyrants ! idolatry !

*Matth.* Hold, you deluded men ! what frantic rage  
 Has seiz'd you all ? For what would you engage ?

2 *Phar.* We to our laws and altars will be true.

*Matth.* And to the gold about the altars too.

1 *Phar.* That falsehood soon shall by our swords  
 be shewn.

*Matth.* You'll guard it from all rapine but your  
 own. *[An alarm without.*

But hark ! the city's fill'd with new alarms !  
 Close all the gates !——The news ?

*Enter A LEVITE.*

*Levit.* To arms, to arms !

The Edomites are come ! we're all in blood,  
 Queen Berenice is assaulted by the crowd,  
 Who, as she past, beset her chariot round,  
 Where your fair daughter has receiv'd a wound.

At which the Parthian King made all give way,  
And, had his god entreated, would not stay ;  
But with five hundred followers of his own,  
Assisted by his friend, the brave Unknown,  
Plung'd in the throng, whilst both from towers and  
walls

To the Idumean troops, a rabble calls,  
Crying, save us ! save Jerusalem ! and assist  
Your brethren, 'gainst a proud usurping priest.

*Phin.* The treason's out ! now let's the traitors  
seize.

*Matth.* These are the grand seducers ! fall on  
these !

*[Phineas and the guard chase John and the  
Pharisees off the stage.]*

*Matth.* Now, haste to th' Edomites without the  
gate, *[To Sagan.]*

And tell 'em they the impious pleasures wait  
Of thieves, who rob what they pretend to guard ;  
And would their aid with sacrilege reward :  
If on fair terms they to depart deny,  
Defend the gates and with your darts reply !  
*[Exit Sagan.]*

And now, I, guarded by the sole defence  
Of these blest robes and my own innocence,  
Will to the favourites of heav'n, to know  
What new credentials they have now to show.  
For these proud men their own commissions seal,  
And place their sole authority on zeal.

*[Matthias goes out, and the Temple gates are  
closed, and a guard placed.]*

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Street.*

*After clashing and shouts without.*

*Enter PHINEAS and a LEVITE.*

*Phin.* Triumphant news! Let us our voices raise,  
And fill the streets with joyful sounds of praise!  
The Parthian King, with the brave unknown prince,  
Men that seem dropt from heav'n for our defence,  
Have chas'd the rebels to their vaults and towers;  
As storms drive flying billows to the shores.

*Ler.* The King's great soul wants but the light  
Divine,  
To make it every way with glory shine.  
But see! the train approach the palace gate,  
Whilst joyful crowds on their preserver wait.

*Enter PHRAARTES, MONOBAZUS, MATTHIAS, QUEEN  
BERENICE, CLARONA, SEMANDRA, PHEDRA,  
GUARDS, two or three PRISONERS.*

*Phraar.* You lift your swords against a King!  
from whence [To Prisoners.  
Has your base spirits all this insolence?  
You sordid villains at the best are made  
For the low earth, on which a King should tread.  
By the mean victory my sword has gain'd,  
I have my self and dignity profan'd:  
And can my self no expiation make,  
Lest on their altars I revenge should take:  
Which I forgive!—but drag these slaves away,  
With speed out of your Monarch's sight, and lay  
Their servile necks beneath the high priest's feet!  
Let him dispose of 'em, as he thinks meet.

[Guard carries them to Matthias, whilst Phraartes  
turns to Clarona.

*Phraar.* Fair injur'd power! what offering shall  
I make?  
These I disdain to give, and you to take;

'Twere sacrilege designing to appease  
 Your anger with whole hecatombs of these :  
 So many Princes at your feet should lye,  
 And at your sentence either live or die.  
 Howe'er a royal sacrifice I bring,  
 The flaming soul of a love-wounded King.

*Claro.* Great Prince ! the joy I in your triumphs  
 find

Has more already than appeas'd my mind.  
 For though I know not love, and any flame,  
 But that of pure devotion must disclaim,  
 Yet for the gen'rous and truly brave  
 Of all religions I a friendship have,  
 And as for others I my pray'rs employ ;  
 For your great soul I'd be content to die,  
 And oh !—how rich an offering would it be  
 To heaven, which you thus vainly make to me.

*Phraar.* Oh ! tell not me of Heav'n and powers  
 above,

There's no Elizium but Clarona's love.

*Claro.* To a poor shrine you offer your regard,  
 Where you must take devotion for reward.

*Monob.* Madam, you crown, with undeserved  
 praise,

A courage you did both inspire and raise.

*Qu. Beren.* I but my sense of gratitude would  
 shew,

For what your valour, sir, did twice bestow ;  
 Nor can the breath by your defence enjoy'd,  
 Be better sure than in your praise employ'd.

*Matth.* Go ! and abuse the liberty I give,  
 [To the Prisoners.

'Gainst him, by whose indulgence now you live.  
 Not all the wrong I from your hate endure,  
 Shall one revengeful deed from me procure ;  
 As fellow servants of one Lord above,  
 You shall enjoy my pity and my love.



But yet I will empale my master's ground,  
And from the rotten sheep protect the sound.

1 *Phar.* We'll do the same, and guard them  
from the power  
Of wicked shepherds, who the flock devour.

*Matth.* These men Heaven's favourites themselves repute,

And then as such none must their power dispute.

[*Prisoners are dismiss'd, and Matth. turns to Phraar. and Monob.*

Now, valiant Princes, we must pay to you  
The public triumphs which to both are due ;  
And to the mighty Parthian King, who springs  
Of Jewish blood by a long race of Kings,  
Let the great shades of all who wore this crown,  
For their sav'd monuments his valour own.  
And now the stars their twinkling fires disclose,  
And night approaching summons to repose ;  
Let guards these royal persons wait with care,  
Who both my guests and my protectors are.

[*They all go out attended with a guard, except Matthias and Phineas, who stay, and*

*Enter the SAGAN.*

*Matth.* Now, what from Edom ? will they stay  
or fly,  
And our indulgence or our valour try ?

*Sag.* They are resolv'd to guard the rebel crew,  
Till you free them, or else the Romans you.

*Matth.* And do they know on whose designs they  
wait ?

*Sag.* They style 'em saints and guardians of the  
State :

Till they are free'd they'll not our walls forsake,  
But send for wives and a plantation make.  
Set javelins till they grow, whose martial shade  
Shall serve for shelter, and for ambuscade.

*Matth.* Now it is plain, these Idumeans came  
 To add fresh brands to our domestic flame ;  
 And on pretence our tumults to appease,  
 To share with thieves in public robberies.  
 But I'll see well to all the guards to-night,  
 And if to-morrow the bold Edomite,  
 In thieves' defence, to face our walls shall dare,  
 Their martial plants unpleasant fruit shall bear.  
 [*Ex. omnes.*]

SCENE II. *The Palace.*

*Enter QUEEN BERENICE and SEMANDRA.*

*Seman.* Come, madam, please to rest ! this silent  
 night

Kind sleep does to her bowers our sense invite.

*Q. Beren.* Let the soft thing to dying lovers go,  
 And on despairing minds her balm bestow.  
 The joy the happy hour's approaching near,  
 When I must leave my dull devotion here,  
 And on love's wings to my Vespasian fly,  
 Transports my soul to such an extacy,  
 That with an empire's price should not be bought  
 The single pleasure of one flying thought.  
 Tell me, Semandra, dost thou not espy  
 A new delightful spirit in my eye ?  
 Does not my cheerful blood its revels take,  
 And often in my cheeks fresh sallies make ?

*Seman.* Ah, madam ! your triumphant beauties  
 wear  
 Glories too bright for my weak eyes to bear.

*Q. Beren.* Be gone ! thou paint'st me in a flattering  
 dress.

*Seman.* Rather, no tongue your beauties can  
 express.

[*Queen Beren. pulls out a glass and looks in it.*]

*Q. Beren.* Indeed my glass will needs obliging be,  
 I fear th' unfaithful thing takes part with thee.

*Seman.* By all that's fair it does its trust betray,  
Nor half the beauties it receives repay.

*Q. Ber.* Nay, I confess I'm pleas'd: for I must  
own

I was half weary of devotion grown,  
What with the grief for my dear brother's blood,  
What with the clamours of the foolish crowd,  
Who their own safety madly will oppose:  
What with impatience too at length to close  
These seven long weeks of grave devotion here,  
Which did to me a tedious age appear,  
I was so tir'd—that now the time is gone,  
Methinks my eyes another air put on;  
And lay their penetential looks aside,  
With all the joy of a young smiling bride.

*Semand.* Nay, madam! never yet in any face,  
Triumphing love appeared with so much grace.  
But you have often promised to relate  
Your loves; how long shall my impatience wait?

*Q. Ber.* I have not fancy rich enough t' ex-  
plain,

Half the delights that story does contain.  
'Twas on a great triumphant day at Rome,  
When all the adoration gods assume,  
Or flattering priests ascribe to powers divine,  
When with uncommon flames their altars shine,  
Was to the young victorious Titus paid,  
When he through Rome a pompous entry made.  
It were too dull and tedious to display  
The bright and various splendours of that day,  
Young Titus' fame ne'er spoke him half so fair;  
Men gaz'd with envy, women with despair.  
We who, the King our father lately dead,  
By rebels chac't, to Rome's protection fled,  
Were then spectators there—

*Semand.* Your stars were kind;  
For to this mighty fate you were design'd.

*Q. Ber.* And from us all this vote his mien did gain,  
 That we had never seen a braver man :  
 I felt my heart a secret flame possess,  
 But thought my eyes secur'd my heart success.  
 Tho' Roman ladies did my rank contemn,  
 At least my beauty might contend with them.  
 And so it prov'd ; for the whole time he staid,  
 His sole address was at my altars made :  
 Which they resented with such scorn, and pride,  
 Some rag'd with madness, some with envy died.  
 But, oh my stars ! how pleas'd was I to see  
 My beauty thus revenge my qualitie.

*Semand.* Oh heaven ! that I that victory had seen !  
 And from that time your joys have dated been.

*Q. Ber.* Not to relate how oft th' imperial groves  
 And gardens have been witness of our loves ;  
 Eternal vows in their delightful shade,  
 With an entire exchange of hearts, were made.

*Semand.* Since which your stars, propitious to your love,  
 Did in few months two Emperors remove,  
 That old Vespasian to that glory chose,  
 No rigorous laws your passion might oppose ;  
 And if those rites he'll stubbornly maintain,  
 Few months will period the old Monarch's reign.

*Q. Ber.* Name not the Empire ! power I contemn,  
 'Tis love I seek, I scorn the diadem.

*Semand.* But hark ! delicious sounds that way descend,  
 The Parthian King's fair mistress they attend.

[*Music within.*]

*Q. Ber.* Sent by the King, no question, and design'd  
 To chase sad thoughts from her too pensive mind.

✓ That divine creature always is above,  
Nothing below can her attention move.

*Semand.* Madam, she always like a flame ascends,  
From heav'n she came, and towards heav'n she tends;  
And has so small concerns for things below  
She never yet was seen to change her brow.  
Sometimes indeed she has let fall a tear,  
But 'twas when others' griefs she chance't to hear.  
Her own are into bowers and temples made,  
And there she sings as in some pleasant shade.

*Q. Ber.* She far excels the happy minds above :  
But cannot her fair soul descend to love ?

*Semand.* Yes, as the saints do in the other state ;  
Or guardian angels those on whom they wait.

*Q. Ber.* Such sublime friendships may devotion  
please :

But is the brave young King content with these ?

*Semand.* Madam, I doubt he aims at something  
more.

Though it is said he ne'er lov'd so before ;  
He looks upon her as some Heavenly thing,  
And doubts if he should love or incense bring.

*Q. Beren.* Well ! my complexion is not so divine,  
More of this drossy earth is mixt with mine—  
But King Phraartes comes, let us away,  
And strive to hasten on th' approaching Day !  
Which with the view of him shall feast my sight,  
Who is both mine and all the world's delight.

[*Exit.*]

SONG sung within.

Hence, hence, thou vain fantastic fear  
Of ills to come, we know not where ;  
Stand not with thy infernal face  
To fright my love from my embrace ;  
To what a height shou'd we love on,  
Wert thou and all thy shadows gone ?

Sigh, sigh no more, nor cry forbear !  
 'Tis sin, I neither must nor dare ;  
 If sin can in these pleasures dwell,  
 If this can be the gate of Hell,  
 No flesh can hold from ent'ring in ;  
 Heaven must forgive so sweet a sin.

Down, down she does begin to fall,  
 And now the shadows vanish all ;  
 And now the gate is ope to bliss,  
 And now I'm enter'd Paradise ;  
 Whilst envying angels flock to view,  
 And wonder what it is we do.

*Enter PHRAARTES, MONOBAZUS.*

*Phraar.* Ah friend ! my heart here in an am-  
 bush lyes,

I'm wounded by a spirit in disguise :  
 A thing compos'd of prayer, whom if I wed,  
 Some incense cloud must be our nuptial bed.

[*Mon. is pensive, and seems not to regard Phra.*

*Phraar.* But ha ! my friend in grief ! shall I  
 complain,

Of his unkind retirements still in vain ?

*Monob.* Sir, you have many sorrows of your own,  
 And to add mine would be unkindly done.

*Phraar.* I many sorrows ? thou mistak'st the  
 name,

Too fierce resentments of my injured fame.  
 That after many a glorious victory,  
 When Rome with terror did my valour try,  
 That a bold villain should his King betray,  
 And bolder Rome should give my crown away ;  
 Are wrongs for which not I, but Rome shall grieve,  
 Who soon severe correction shall receive.

*Monob.* I do not doubt but your great soul's  
 above

The power of fate, but can you conquer love ?

*Phraar.* Thou find'st the only weakness of my mind,  
 There I must own some tenderness I find.  
 An unknown passion makes my spirit bow ;  
 Whose insolence I never felt till now.  
 I've seen, admir'd, ador'd, yes ! and enjoy'd,  
 Till both my eyes and appetite were cloy'd,  
 Beauties of all complexions, nations, graces,  
 Hourly attended once on my embraces.  
 Each hour to different pleasures I could go ;  
 Now cool my blood in the European snow,  
 Then heat it at the Asian fires again,  
 Then boil it o'er a sun-burnt African ;  
 But this one beauty has subdu'd me more,  
 Than all the armies of 'em did before.

*Monob.* But to her captive she will mercy shew.

*Phraar.* Oh ! she is colder than the mountains' snow.

To such a subtile purity she's wrought,  
 She's prayed and fasted to a walking thought.  
 She's an enchanted feast, most fair to sight,  
 But starves the appetite she does invite ;  
 Flies from the touch of sense, and if you dare  
 To name but love, she vanishes to air :  
 Ten days has this bright flame confin'd me here,  
 Ruling my soul with tyranny severe.  
 But too much talk on my own griefs I spend :  
 Now let me hear the sorrows of my friend.

*Monob.* Reservedness to so great a Prince were rude,

And to so brave a friend ingratitude.  
 Have you not heard of Monobazus' name ?

*Phraar.* Yes, Prince, and am acquainted with your fame,  
 The valiant brother of the Adiabenan King.\*

[*Embraces him.*]

\* Brother to Izates, King of Adiabena. See *Lodge's Josephus*, 1640, folio.

What wandering fortunes cou'd thee hither bring ?  
I've heard how thou didst guard his life and  
crown,

When slaves wou'd have depos'd him from the  
throne,

Because some merchant jews, 'mongst other wares,  
Had made him change his own belief for theirs.

*Monob.* Service beyond the gratitude of Kings,  
Like crimes, misfortune on the subject brings ;  
So he the least acknowledgements disdain'd,  
And sought the life of him by whom he reign'd.  
Thrice I his armies beat in open field,  
Making his struggling fate entirely yield :  
Subjecting Kings that to his aid he drew ;  
One in the head of all his troops I slew,  
Then gave him back his vanquish'd crown, and went  
By my own doom to willing banishment.  
Roving the world I hither chanc't to stray,  
And drawing nigh this town in close of day,  
It was my fate, by an old shady wood,  
To see a chariot with arm'd troops pursu'd ;  
With my own train to its relief I made,  
And came not much untimely to its aid,  
But for my own repose with too much speed ;  
For scarce I had th' assaulted [chariot] freed,  
But straight a goddess, or a thing more bright,  
With murdering beauties charg'd my dazzl'd sight.

*Phraar.* And 'twas the Queen ?

*Monob.* It wounds my heart to tell,  
It was the sister of the King who fell  
By my curst sword : and she was going then  
To mourn the death of him, whom I had slain.

*Phraar.* Killing surprize ! I pity now thy flame,  
And shall no more thy sad retirements blame.

[*Clarona appears above in the Balcony in her  
night-dress, with a taper in one hand, and a  
book in the other.*]



But ha ! whence comes this golden dart of light,  
Which on the sudden wounds the breast of night ?

*Monob.* See ! some new wonder, sir, invites our  
eyes ! [*Shews Clar.*

*Phraar.* The chief indeed of Jewish prodigies.  
Young, fair, and woman, and without desire,  
The only miracle I can admire.

*Monob.* She's at devotion sure, for, it is said,  
Thrice in the night she from her downy bed,  
And soft repose, does her fair body raise,  
And from her window towards the Temple prays.

*Phraar.* Nay, from above she certainly dropt  
down,

And like some Syren in a tempest thrown  
From her own element, and place of birth,  
Can relish none of all the joys on earth.

I am all flame at sight of one so fair.

*Monob.* I am all shade, and wander in despair.

*Phraar.* She's giving audience to some angel now ;  
I must disturb 'em, for I jealous grow.

*Monob.* May your fair goddess to your prayers  
be kind,

I'll go relate my sorrows to the wind. [*Exit.*

*Phraar.* Clarona !

*Clar.* Ha ! Who calls ?

*Phraar.* A wretched thing  
That begs your pity.

*Clar.* The great Parthian King !  
What is it creeps into his royal breast  
This stormy night, and drives away his rest ?

*Phraar.* What shou'd, or can disturb my rest,  
but love ?

That bearded shaft which nothing can remove.  
But you are still engag'd in heav'nly things,  
And have no pity for poor mortal Kings.

*Clar.* Alas, sir ! do you my compassion crave ?  
Your glorious acts my admiration have.

*Phraar.* And yet not love where admiration's due ?

*Clar.* Oh, yes ! my love does the whole world pursue

With all the blessings of my hourly prayer,  
And you, the noblest part, have sure your share.

*Phraar.* Blessings and prayers, and at a common feast,

Where the whole world is an invited guest ;  
Do not crowd me among the sordid rout,  
Where all your charity is dol'd about.  
But me to noble entertainments bring,  
And treat me like a lover and a King ;  
Nor shall the saucy world sit down with me,  
Gods at this feast shall my attendants be.

*Clar.* Religion is a feast of true delight,  
To which might I your glorious soul invite,  
You never wou'd repent your happy state,  
And I with joy wou'd at your table wait.

*Phra.* My relish no camelion's food endures,  
My love I long to entertain with yours :  
Let souls like planets be with vapours fed,  
Invite my senses to the nuptial bed.

*Clar.* I merit not so great a Monarch's throne :  
But were I worthy, I am not my own.  
I am the child of sacrifice and prayer,  
Born when the womb did totally despair.  
My soul was kindled at an altar flame ;  
Religion gave instructions for my frame :  
And nature punctually her rules obey'd,  
And me exactly for religion made.  
And from my birth I've educated been  
A maid of honour to that mighty Queen ;  
And now am heaven's adopted daughter grown,  
And, like some virgin heiress of a throne,  
Guarded and waited on by spirits, fed  
By prayer and contemplation, angels' bread.

Enclos'd from all the world, and scarcely dare  
 Mix my devoted breath with common air,  
 And in this state I ever must remain,  
 And not in thought my virgin-whiteness stain.

*Phra.* Blest news ! the only glory I design :  
 Now you are fit for no embrace but mine,  
 And I have long desir'd to mix my blood  
 With some celestial daughter of a god.

*Clar.* Your mortal deities, sir, may bestow  
 Their daughters on you, yet your match below.  
 The King I hope will these expressions bear ;  
 But yet if I of his religion were,  
 I in the same condition would remain ;  
 For I wou'd be of chaste Diana's train ;  
 In woods and forests breathe untainted air,  
 And against love an open war declare ;  
 And e'er your little god shou'd conquer me,  
 With Daphne, I'd be turn'd into a tree. [*Exit.*]

*Phra.* You shou'd not long within your bark remain,  
 I wou'd embrace you into life again.

*Enter a GENTLEMAN.*

But ha ! here's one with news.

*Gen.* Haste, sir, and see  
 The stormy air all fill'd with prodigy !  
 A numerous army in the sky appears,  
 And every troop a bloody banner bears.  
 They march along in the moon's timorous light,  
 Then dive in air and vanish from our sight.

*Phra.* This is some charm'd and visionary land,  
 I scarce can trust the ground on which I stand ;  
 Their earth oft trembles, and their buildings groan,  
 Built like the Theban walls of living stone :  
 Their stars grow comets, clouds arm'd legions  
 breed,  
 Each has more warriors than the Trojan steed :

Wonders, not fishes, spawn within their seas,  
And all the winds that blow breathe prophecies.  
Nor are their people of a kind entire,  
But got betwixt devotion and desire.  
But let us see if nature with a grace  
Can shew her tricks, and cheat me to my face.  
[*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT III. SCENE I.

*The outward Court of the Temple.*

*Enter* MATTHIAS, PHINEAS, SAGAN, GUARD.

*Matth.* An army in the air?

*Sag.* I saw it move!

*Phin.* And round the sky troops of iron chariots  
drove.

*Sag.* Through all the air they scattered rays so  
bright,  
As if their prancing steeds were shod with light.

*Phin.* Straight of the sudden all the shapes were  
flown,

The war-like imagery was taken down ;  
Folded in pitchy clouds, and roll'd with care  
Into the wardrobe of the wealthy air.

*Sag.* The martial atoms, from their noble form  
Dissolv'd in clouds, now combat in a storm.

*Phin.* The air ungovern'd by its Prince, the sun,  
Like factious states, to anarchy does run ;  
Wind, thunder, rain, and lightning strive to share,  
Like rebels, all the provinces o'th' air.  
See ! how the clouds like angry surges fly,  
And dash the crystal beaches of the sky !

*Sag.* The stormy night now she her period  
knows,  
Cruel and fierce, like an old tyrant, grows ;

Whilst all her train, before her mistress dies,  
Revel about, and ransack all the skies.

*Matth.* This tempest comes from Heaven's dispensive hand,  
These divine riddles who can understand ?  
What means that fiery sword's mysterious ray,  
Which o'er our shaking towers night and day,  
In Heaven's bright canopy does proudly shine,  
As brandisht by the majesty divine ?

*Sag.* Methinks Jerusalem, at her solemn feast,  
Seems treated like the tyrants trembling guest,  
In purple clad, her table richly spread,  
But death and horror hanging o'er her head.

*Phin.* Heaven's arch ne'er shone with such a  
light before,

It seems as if some angel lictor bore  
The blazing fasces, at the passing by  
Of some divine procession in the sky.

*Matth.* Alas ! we in Jerusalem daily see  
A greater, and a living prodigie :  
A man-like echo pin'd into a sound,  
A walking vault that does one tone rebound ;  
And night and day does in our streets proclaim,  
With restless soul, woes to Jerusalem ;  
And nor for prayers nor racks concern'd will be,  
But senseless as Dodona's vocal tree.  
But ha ! the wrestling winds are out of breath,  
And all is silent now, like sleep or death.

*Phin.* The tilting winds have stopt in full career,  
And the fierce lightning now has broke his spear.

*Sag.* The appeas'd clouds now mildly kiss the  
shore

Of that bright sky they did assault before.

[Noise is heard like an earthquake.

*Matth.* What frightful noise is that ?

*Sag.* In the earth's womb  
The four imprison'd winds contend for room.

*Matth.* The shaking earth is seiz'd with  
trembling pangs,  
And on thin air the vaulting city hangs.

[*A small voice is heard.*

*Phin.* Hark ! a shrill voice beneath the altar  
cries.

*Sag.* Some ominous bird sure through the Temple  
flies.

[*The Prophet is discovered asleep by the altar.*

But ha ! see where the restless prophet's thrown :  
That is the ominous bird, whose frightful tone  
Fills all Jerusalem with panic fear.

What pow'rful demon has convey'd him there ?

*Phin.* The spirit of Ob, that in the wizard cries,  
From whence he has his lying prophecies,  
Seize on the shrieking owl ! shall he alone  
Have rest, that lets Jerusalem have none ?

*Matth.* Forbear ! this creature, like a trumpet,  
knows

No sound he gives ; it is Heaven's breath that blows.

[*Prophet wakes and rises.*

*Proph.* From the bright dwellings of the rising sun,  
And from his resting place when day is done,  
From the four winds and the earth's hollow womb,  
A voice, a voice,—a dreadful voice is come ;  
A voice against our elders, priests, and scribes,  
Our city, temple, and our holy tribes ;  
Against the bridegroom, and the joyful bride,  
And all that in Jerusalem reside.

Woe, woe, woe !—

*Phin.* Stop, stop the witch !

*Matth.* Hold ! let him pass secure,  
His raving soul does pain enough endure,  
And his unconquer'd flesh no torment lacks,  
H'as wearied torturers and torn the racks ;  
As if unsoul'd, and acted by some power  
That sent him here, as fate's ambassador.

*Phin.* No law of nations shou'd be his defence,  
He seems an agent for some pestilence.

*Matth.* Begone, poor wretch, and seek thy own  
repose !

And Heaven prepare us for these threaten'd woes.

*Proph.* Woe, woe, woe ! *[Ex. Prophet.]*

*Phin.* He grates my ears with this unpleasant  
sound :

But hark ! a voice does from the vault rebound.

*[A great voice is heard from under the stage like  
a tube.]*

*Matth.* A voice ! 'tis thunder, or some Pagan God  
Groans here tormented, chace't from his abode.

*[The voice cries, " Let us depart ! "*

" Let us depart," the horrid voice does cry !

What art that call'st, and whither shou'd we fly ?

*Phin.* The Temple lives ! it mov'd before and  
broke

The bars that fetter'd it, and now it spoke.

*Matth.* It rather dies ! and these affrightful  
groans

Are its departing soul's contending moans.

*[The Veil flies open, and shews the Sanctum  
Sanctorum.]*

*Matth.* But oh ! retire ! the sacred curtain tears,  
And all the Temple's bright third Heaven appears ;  
And, to the prophanation of our eyes,  
Exposes all the divine mysteries.

*Sag.* It seems as if the starry Heaven were rent,  
And angels shone through the torn firmament.

*Matth.* And see ! one of that bright and heavenly  
quiere

Appears above, all clad in robes of fire ;  
And now does from the golden roof descend,  
Whilst the vaults groan, and yielding arches bend.

*Sag.* Let's fall upon our faces, lest we die.

*Phin.* Haste to the incense altar ! let us fly.

•

*Matth.* You may ! But I fix'd here will boldly  
 stay,  
 And hear what this strange messenger will say.

[*An Angel descends over the altar, and speaks.*

*Ang.* Stay, stay your flight, fond men ! Heav'n  
 does despise

All your vain incense, prayers, and sacrifice.  
 Now is arriv'd Jerusalem's fatal hour,  
 When she and sacrifice must be no more.  
 Long against Heaven hast thou, rebellious town,  
 Thy public trumpets of defiance blown ;  
 Didst open wars against thy Lord maintain,  
 And all his messengers of peace hast slain :  
 And now the hour of his revenge is come,  
 Thy weeks are finish'd, and thy slumb'ring doom,  
 Which long has laid in the divine decree,  
 Is now arous'd from his dull lethargie ;  
 His army's rais'd, and his commission seal'd,  
 His order's given, and cannot be repeal'd :  
 And now thy people, temple, altars, all  
 Must in one total desolation fall.

Heav'n will in sad procession walk the round,  
 And level all thy buildings with the ground ;  
 And from the soil, enrich'd with human blood,  
 Shall grass spring up where palaces have stood :  
 Where beasts shall feed, and a revenge obtain,  
 For all the thousands at thy altars slain.  
 And this once blessed house, where angels came  
 To bathe their airy wings in holy flame,  
 Like a swift vision or a flash of light,  
 All wrapt in fire, shall vanish in thy sight ;  
 And thrown aside amongst the common store,  
 Sink down in Time's abyss, and rise no more.

[*The Angel ascends.*

*Matth.* Oh, wondrous vision ! Oh, I faint with  
 fear !

Was it a human voice that fill'd my ear ?



A real sight that entertain'd my eye,  
Or was I snatch'd into some extasy ?

*Sag.* Whether I dream't or died I cannot tell,  
For yet more life does in a statue dwell.

*Phin.* I liv'd and wak'd, and with these stedfast  
eyes

Saw the strange vision both descend and rise ;  
And with a voice, that cou'd no ears deceive,  
Heard it speak wonders more than I'll believe.

*Matth.* Did he not tell us, in a threat'ning tone,  
Jerusalem's fatal hour was hast'ning on ?

As if that ours' and truth's eternal sun  
Had but few minutes of his race to run,  
And this bright Heaven shou'd then be taken down,  
And among all Time's common trophies thrown ?

*Phin.* It did !

*Matth.* It must be some illusion then !

The starry Heav'n shall not so long remain.  
Its basis cannot so much strength afford,  
That stands on nature, this on nature's lord.  
Nay, that depends on this—For d'ye suppose  
Th' unwearied sun his daily progress goes,  
And the earth's womb her various off-spring bears,  
Only as vassals to idolaters ?

And yields her gums and spices to maintain  
Some glutton's table, or some idol's fane ;  
And heaven and earth round in a yoke should draw,  
To grind for those that break their maker's law ?

*Phin.* No, 'tis for us that wait on his commands :  
For us the world was made, for us it stands.

*Matth.* Yes, on these columns the whole arch is  
bent,

This golden roof supports the firmament.  
The sun with altar-flames adorns his head,  
And from this oil the heav'nly lamps are fed ;  
And all the order which in nature dwells  
But dances to the sound of Aaron's bells.

That to say Heav'n will ruin on us send,  
Is to declare the world is at an end,  
And nature is disbanding all her powers ;  
Then falls the Temple of the world, and ours.

*Sag.* If to tradition we may credit give,  
Ages will roll about ere that arrive,  
For yet two thousand years ere we are blest  
With the Sabatick thousand years of rest.

*Phin.* Besides, we yet expect our promis'd King,  
At whose approach a golden age must spring ;  
And a long train of smiling years ensue,  
When joyful nature shall her youth renew ;  
And all the powers that now the earth invade,  
Shall vanish each like a gigantic shade.  
And the whole globe shall but two monarchs have,  
Him, and the sun, his tributary slave.

*Matth.* Those things lye safe in promises divine,  
As the rich gold lies ripening in the mine.  
And, like the Babylonian pensile bowers,  
They are borne aloft on never yielding towers :  
Towers of firm truth which may our faith delight,  
Tho' the fair gardens are above our sight.  
Then whatsoe'er these things portend, we know,  
Though famine, plague, and wars may lay us low,  
The world may sink, but not one stone of these,  
'Till faithful Heav'n performs his promises.  
But come ! No sleep to-night shall close my eyes,  
Go summon all the Sanhedrim to rise.  
We'll find what fit constructions there can be  
Of this strange sight, and stranger prophesie.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Palace.*

*Enter PHRAARTES and MONOBAZUS.*

*Monob.* Things of more wonder never fill'd my  
eye !

*Phraar.* Nor ever mine a prettier novelty !

*Monob.* Novelty?

*Phraar.* Why? must I astonisht prove,  
To see by moon-light a few shadows move?

*Monob.* No, sir! but these no common shadows  
are.

*Phraar.* And that's the only cause you think  
them rare.

Were thunder, lightning, an eclipse o' th' sun,  
And all the feats by light and shadow done,  
But once or twice in several ages shewn,  
Mankind would all of 'em for wonders own:  
Think gods appear'd, and fall upon the knee,  
Each time, perhaps, they did a rain-bow see.

*Monob.* Nature frames those, these nature's  
works surpass.

*Phraar.* Why more than shadows in a looking-  
glass?

At first, no doubt, they did mankind surprise,  
And they were judg'd stupendous prodigies.  
There are strange births peculiar to each clime,  
Monsters are bred out of Egyptian slime.  
These may be natives of the Jewish air,  
Bred of the fumes of sacrifice and prayer.

*Monob.* Yes! did they slaughter men, we might  
presume

Their souls might for revenge those shapes assume:  
But the poor beast does perish in the flame,  
And has no soul to play an after-game.

*Phraar.* But may not atoms meet which flames  
disperse!

Revelling atoms made the universe.  
Or may not numerous heaps of victims slain,  
Dislodge the transmigrated souls of men,  
Which stript of the warm flesh they love to wear,  
Get for the present some thin rags of air?  
Or rather, spite of all our wisdom knows,  
These may be real men we shapes suppose!

For all these spacious regions of the sky,  
 Can never waste like Lybian desarts lye.  
 Nature frames nothing for a vain intent,  
 And no doubt peoples every element.  
 The sea has mermaids, and the purer air  
 May nymphs of a more fine complexion bear;  
 And these were jolly youths, who in our sight  
 Might celebrate some festival to-night:  
 For round the aiery plains their chariots drove,  
 As if they kept Olympian games above.

*Monob.* All this is raillery! for if a throng  
 Of wand'ring tribes had there been planted long,  
 The busy people of our globe below  
 Had found, perhaps had conquer'd 'em ere now.  
 No, they are bubbles and have no abode,  
 And only speak the greatness of that God  
 Who guards this State, and do so strange appear,  
 I would my own weak little god cashier,  
 And this more mighty Jewish one adore,  
 But when I once have offered to a power,  
 To him, as to my King, I loyal prove,  
 Or to the friend or mistress that I love.

*Phraar.* And I to these so little credit give,  
 I scorn a god that by his tricks must live.  
 I from all shadows set my vassals free,  
 And plainly bid 'em fear no power but me.  
 But ha! kind fortune to my arms does fly,  
 Th' accesses to the gardens open lye,  
 Where oft Clarona on the gods bestows  
 The hours design'd by nature for repose.  
 Some happiness is near, my heart forbodes,  
 I'll in and chace away my rival gods. [*Exit.*]

*Monob.* Oh! that my rivals were as weak as  
 they!

The great, the brave Vespasian bars my way.  
 Glory and empire are to female blood  
 More tempting dang'rous rivals than a god. [*Exit.*]

*The scene changes to a garden, CLARONA asleep.*

*Enter PHRAARTES.*

*Phraar.* Oh ! whither love hast thou thy wand'rer  
led ?

My feet profane the ground on which they tread.  
All the abstracted sweets in nature found,  
Lye here together in a slumber bound.  
No mortal can resist the charming bliss ;  
This hand does ravish from my lips a kiss.

*[Clarona wakes.*

*Clar.* Save me, good spirits ! what shade is that  
so nigh ? *[Starts at the sight of Phraartes.*

*Phraar.* No ghost, or shadow, but substantial I.

*Clar.* The King !

*Phraar.* Your slave ! may I your pardon gain,  
That I your sacred privacy profane ?  
Wand'ring in solitude the gardens round,  
I all accesses hither open found.  
Coming to sigh away the hours of night  
Under your window ;—by the moon's pale light,  
Who o'er your face her silver garment spread,  
I found you slumb'ring on this rosy bed.  
It was impossible from hence to go,  
With wonder fixt to earth, I here might grow,  
My root wou'd wantonly beneath you creep,  
To suck the sweets of earth on which you sleep.  
This I might do, shou'd I here longer stay,  
Yet then as easily be torn away.

*Clar.* On the night's wonders gazing all alone,  
Weary and pensive here I sate me down,  
And to a gentle sleep resign'd my sense,  
Not fearing this my servant's negligence.

*Phraar.* My stars contriv'd it thus to crown my  
love,  
And I their noble kindness will improve.

Now is the golden minute come at last,  
The rich extraction of a thousand past,  
Which like the patient chymist I have spent  
In toil, and many a vain experiment.  
And, oh ! my stars ! if now I let it go,  
Never this blessing on me more bestow.

*Clar.* What does the King by this discourse  
design ?

*Phra.* Oh ! youth and love will help you to divine.  
What meaning did young Troylus display,  
When to the Grecian tents where Cresseid lay,  
From Troy in such a kind conspiring night  
And hour as this, he stole to his delight ?  
What meant Leander, when at such an hour  
He labour'd through the waves to Hero's tower,  
Whilst on the shore to ravish him she stood,  
From the embraces of the faithless flood ?

*Clar.* Are you the King ?

*Phra.* Exalted by such bliss,  
I am a god, and you my paradise.  
Where e'er I wander pleasures crowd my way,  
And I with every one a life cou'd stay.  
Oh ! I cou'd dwell an age upon this hand ;  
But shou'd I to those cheeks or lips ascend,  
Such numerous delights my senses court,  
To gather all eternity's too short.

*Clar.* What has this change in King Phraartes  
made ?

Will he my ears with such discourse invade ?  
He who approacht me with so great an awe,  
Priests with less reverence near altars draw ;  
That any thing was sacred did deny,  
On earth, in nature, or in Heaven, but I.  
What have I done that has my honour stain'd,  
And made me now deserve to be profan'd ?

*Phra.* Can any temples be profan'd by prayer,  
Or altars by the victims which they bear ?

*Clar.* By victims sinful and impure they may :  
And only such you at my altars lay.

*Phra.* You wrong my innocent and spotless love.

*Clar.* Convince me of it, and from hence remove  
Him who my ruin did attempt to-night,  
I mean yourself, for ever from my sight.

*Phra.* From their foundations bid me mountains  
tear,

Or hale a fixed star out of his sphere,  
Remove the world, as soon I could obey,  
As take myself from hence, whilst here you stay.  
This is my Heav'n which I with toil attain,  
And shall I now leap down to earth again ?  
My arms for safety I around you spread,  
Throw me from this high happiness I'm dead !

*Clar.* You on a precipice wou'd safely dwell,  
But you wou'd strive to throw me down to hell.  
You for my ruin are by hell design'd,  
And chosen for it out of all mankind.  
As having all their excellence and more,  
By whom he thousands had subdu'd before :  
The serpent in your figure, I believe,  
Stole into Paradise and ruin'd Eve :  
With such a pleasing tongue he spoke his suit,  
And with such hands bestow'd the fatal fruit.  
That to put all his troops at once to flight,  
I must for ever banish you my sight.

*Phra.* Hell and his troops into destruction go,  
My love of their designs does nothing know :  
My love's intentions generous have been ;  
But if for you to love again be sin,  
Be sav'd ! pursue the joys you call divine ;  
Attain your Heav'n, though I despair of mine.  
But pray let me be sav'd a little too,  
The Heav'n I cannot compass let me view.

*Clar.* No, sir, in pity I deny your prayer,  
Why shou'd I keep you in a scorching air,

When I no ease or pleasure can bestow ?  
 If to a cooler clime you will not go,  
 The sun whose heat does your diseases breed,  
 Tan your fair virtues, and your torments feed,  
 Thus, sir, I will for ever cloud from you ;  
 This I am bound in charity to do.

*Phra.* Spare your compassion, and unveil'd remain,

I am your enemy and beg for pain.

Let not so great a sinner torment want.

*Clar.* Beg nothing of me, for I'll nothing grant.

*Phra.* What, not to see you ? are those beauties made

To pine and wither in a barren shade ?

*Clar.* Ask me no more, I will no more reply.—

*Phraar.* And will you then one parting view deny ?—

Sun rise no more, for ever quench thy light,  
 For now the world has nothing worth our sight.  
[Exit.

#### ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A Room in the Tower.*

*Enter JOHN, ELEAZAR, PHARISEES, &c.*

*Eleaz.* How ! for these several hours in council sate ?

*John.* Close in a tower with guards at every gate :

All their designs they hide ; but it is said,  
 Some tender lambs must be to slaughter led.

1 *Phfar.* With blood of saints he stains the  
 .holy chair,  
 He is a tyrant and idolater.



*John.* I fear through frailty he too much inclines,  
 And am in doubt some impious thing designs ;  
 Nay, am assur'd—Nay, since it must be known,  
 The horrid villany's already done !—  
 Vespasian is our sovereign lord declar'd,  
 And crowns of gold are for his head prepar'd.  
 Nay, at an hour when all in sleep lay drown'd,  
 A guard in secret brought an image crown'd :  
 His head a gilded wreath of laurel wore,  
 His face Vespasian's proud resemblance bore.  
 'Tis in the palace hid, but they design  
 At his approach it shall in public shine ;  
 Stand in the temple, and our laws defy,  
 And all that will not bow to it shall die.

*Eleaz.* Oh horrid ! horrid ! well, oh stormy air !  
 For divine vengeance may'st thou troops prepare.

2 *Phar.* It is a plot I plainly understand,  
 To murder all the zealous of the land.

*John.* Heaven knows with grief I stain his mitred hairs :

Who lays me near him as the robes he wears.  
 But in my soul it did impatience breed,  
 To think the sheep should by the shepherd bleed :  
 To see the Temple by the priest defil'd :  
 Nay more, to see the father kill the child,  
 And if myself unfaithful I proclaim,  
 In saving it, I'll glory in my shame.

*Eleaz.* Appease your soul, if this can treason be,  
 'Tis holy falsehood, pious treachery.

*John.* But yet all falsehood has the face of ill.

1 *Phar.* In a good cause 'tis but religious skill.

*John.* Nay, to preserve the choice ones of the land,

I'd be the earth on which their tower should stand :

For though our lights by various names we call,  
 Like jewels still there's beauty in us all.

And though like brethren 'mong'st ourselves we fight,  
'Gainst foster-fathers we can all unite.

*Eleaz.* No more! we'll have his blood. The tyrant  
dies!

The priest shall be the morning sacrifice.

2 *Phar.* He does the priestly diadem defile,  
And we'll avenge the consecrated oil.

*John* Nay, since your zeal's inflam'd, I'll lead  
you on,

And with my aid my former guilt atone;  
For friendship's sake I did the cause betray,  
But now I will the heavenly call obey.

A brazen image stands before my eyes;  
Revenge! revenge! a voice within me cries,  
Kill, kill these curst apostates, who design  
To set hell's standard 'midst the camp divine.  
Spare not a man who in his list is found,  
Who spares a traitor does religion wound.

*Eleaz.* I'm thirsty for their blood!

1 *Phar.* And I!

2 *Phar.* And I!

3 *Phar.* To eat their flesh were holy gluttony.

*John.* It were! and Heaven no doubt would  
bless the meal,

Such unclean beasts we might devour with zeal.  
But their foul flesh shall not be so preferr'd;  
In craws and paunches it shall be interr'd.  
They have no right to any other tomb,  
Nor shall defile Jerusalem's sacred womb.

*Eleaz.* Their souls renounce the gardens of the just,  
Nor shall their bodies here pollute their dust.

1 *Phar.* But when shall we attempt this blessed  
deed?

How many swords? what forces do we need?

2 *Phar.* For they are strong, and keep an hourly  
guard,

And our poor Idumean friends, debarr'd

From aiding us, under their bucklers lye,  
Besieg'd by all the fury of the sky.

*John.* Ask you for aid, when you Heav'n's service  
do ?

We are too strong, th' idolaters too few.  
We have our cause, our innocence, and prayer,  
Nay, we have armies mustering in the air !  
And are to arms invited from above,  
The winds are join'd to represent our love.  
Troops rendezvous'd in clouds to shew from  
whence,

In our distress, we may expect defence.  
A fire shone round the Temple to declare,  
Pure Reformation is enkindled there.  
The brazen gates untouch'd were seen to move,  
To let us know the gates of divine love  
Were opening to us, if we'll enter in,  
And now Jerusalem's glory does begin.

*Eleaz.* Oh ! blessed hour ! and yet more blessed  
we,

Who in this work the instruments shall be.

1 *Phar.* We are too few the sweet rewards to  
share.

2 *Phar.* They will be more than human strength  
can bear.

*Eleaz.* Nay, we to farther aid have no pre-  
tence,

But yet our friends, that come for our defence,  
May, of our mighty deeds, spectators be.

*John.* They shall admittance have in charity.  
Not that in such a cause their swords we need :  
A cause that will reward each drop we bleed.  
Sinners who die in it may, at the price  
Of a few traitors' heads, buy Paradise.  
Has any here——

Defil'd a sister, or a father slain ?

A traitor's blood will wash away the stain.

And if to sinners such rewards accrue,  
What joys, what pleasures will be shower'd on you,  
Who are all saints,

*Omn.* All, all !

*Eleaz.* I am in pain !

My breast cannot my furious zeal contain.

*John.* And now, my friends, when Providence  
shall deal

Rewards and blessings to your faithful zeal ;  
And you shall make division as you please,  
O' th' hoarded wealth of richest palaces ;  
Oh, do not cast a hot and lustful eye  
Upon the Temple, if she naked lye,  
And her bright gold should on your fingers  
smile ;

Take heed ! for that will all the rest defile.

*Phar.* Oh, doubt us not !

*John.* Still barring all constraint ;

For nothing is so sacred as a saint.

And in our own defence we may make bold,  
Serving our master, with our master's gold.

ONE enters.

But see ! the spy we at the palace plac'd,  
To watch the Sanhedrim, returns in haste.

*Mess.* O, sirs ! to arms ! a voice from Heaven  
calls !

From foggy clouds a sleepy unguent falls :  
And some good angel round the palace flies,  
And with it has anointed all their eyes ;  
But to the priests does double portions give,  
That nothing in the palace seems to live ;  
But a few pining lamps, that burn so dim,  
They seem as drowsy as the Sanhedrim.

*John.* 'Tis plain, Heav'n aids our holy cause, and  
sends

A spirit to bind their hands, and help his friends.

2*d* *Phar.* If we with speed these traitors not  
destroy,  
Angels will do't, and rob us of the joy.

3*d* *Phar.* Haste, haste! let us go fire the palace  
straight.

*John.* No! first assist our friends without the gate.  
Both shelter and revenge will now be good.

*Eleaz.* Yes! let them warm themselves with  
traitors' blood.

3*d* *Phar.* But will not the strong gate despise  
our pains?

'Tis clad in iron, and girded round with chains.

*John.* Fear not, I can the sacred tools produce,  
Kept in the tower for the Temple's use,  
And they can force it open in a trice,  
With as much ease as prayer does Paradise.

*Eleaz.* Haste, haste! the cocks have thrice alarm'd  
the dawn,  
And night's black chariot, as by whirl-winds  
drawn,

Drives on to its last stage in solemn state,  
Whilst raging storms on her retinue wait.  
Now whilst the tempest rocks the drowsy town,  
Oh! let the heavenly work with speed be done.

2 *Phar.* Now is the time! their souls, like flocks  
of sheep,  
Are kept for sacrifice in folds of sleep.

1 *Phar.* The talking echoes can convey no noise,  
The busy tempest all the air employs.

*Enter ONE with iron bars and tools.*

*John.* See! see! the blessed instruments are  
come!

Now sinners hasten your eternal doom.  
Hell will be crowded with the numerous flight  
Of unclean birds we shall unperch to night.  
To arms!

*All.* To arms, to arms !

*John.* But first let's swear,  
That each shall equally the danger share.  
By Jerusalem ! [*All lift up their hands.*

*All.* By Jerusalem !

*John.* By the Temple !

*All.* By the Temple !

*John.* By the altar !

*All.* By the altar !

*John.* By the most binding oath which we can  
swear,  
By Corban ! the divine oblation there.

*All.* By Corban !

*John.* Now let each draw his consecrated sword,  
Corban's the oath, and liberty the word.  
So if I now succeed in this design, [*Aside.*  
One more religious lie, the mitre's mine. [*Exeunt.*  
[*A noise of breaking locks and forcing gates.*

*The scene is drawn, and MATTHIAS, SAGAN,  
PHINEAS, and the whole Sanhedrim are re-  
presented sitting asleep, lamps burning, and  
the guards asleep at the gate.*

*The ghost of HEROD arises.*

*Ghost.* Cries, shrieks, and groans from a lament-  
ing crowd,  
The air fill'd with wandering souls, the streets with  
blood !

In seas of fire the falling buildings drown'd ;  
In chains of sleep the priests for slaughter bound,  
Fit pleasure for a tyrant's ghost, like me :—  
Worthy my pilgrimage from hell to see.  
Sleep on, you damn'd tormentors of mankind,  
That human souls in airy fetters bind,  
And all their little pleasures dearly sell,  
And will not let 'em go in peace to hell.

And thou, proud town, who styl'st thy self  
divine,

Queen of the world, Heav'n's earthly concubine,  
Who all his favour to thy self hast gain'd,  
Art at th' expence of miracles maintain'd,  
And fill'st the gazing world with panic fears,—  
Tremble ! for see within thy walls appears,  
The brightest vision of this threat'ning night,—  
The ghost of Herod the great Edomite !  
Greatest of all abandon'd Esau's line,  
Who in thy throne once royally did shine,  
Ravish thy beauty, and thy lord disgrace,  
And took his mistress to my own embrace ;  
And not contented to defile his bed,  
His altars rob'd, and on his victims fed ;  
Revell'd in blood, and did his power despise,  
And in contempt of all his prophecies,  
Plac'd Esau's chains of slavery on thee,  
And soundly scourg'd old Jacob's treachery :  
Then with mock penitence for all my guilt,  
To my own glory I thy Temple built :  
Now all the ills in life I could not do,  
I a malicious tortur'd ghost pursue.  
Lash me, ye furies ! blow th' infernal fire !—  
Fill me with rage, that I may now inspire  
My nation with the spirit on't refin'd,  
And pour it scalding into every mind.  
And, you gull'd priests, invoke no more Heav'n's  
aid,  
He has you all into my power betray'd ;  
And I'll go whet the Idumean swords,  
And nobly banquet the infernal birds.  
They flock about, and heaps of carrion smell,  
I'll make to-night a jubilee in hell. [Exit.

[The Ghost goes out, and noise of clashing of swords,  
shrieking and knocking at the gate is heard, at  
which they all awake.

*Matth.* In what dark cave has all our souls been bound ?

*Phin.* Or in what drowsy labyrinth wand'ring round ?

*Sag.* Rather to what infernal dungeon led,  
Guarded with fiends, and haunted with the dead ;  
For I have been with droves of souls pursu'd,  
Chas'd hot, and reeking from warm flesh and blood.

*Phin.* I nothing dream'd but was securely laid,  
As void of sense as e'er my soul was made ;  
Yet, as my dawning soul began to rise,  
Methoughts I knocking heard, and distant cries ;  
And from the ground a sulph'rous vapour broke,  
That form'd itself into a shape, and spoke.

*Matth.* A guard of spirits walk'd to-night the round,

And all our souls in sleepy-fetters bound,  
Benumb'd with fatal slumbers by degrees.  
We seem'd like an old grove of sapless trees,  
Whose vegetative souls in winter creep  
To their warm roots, and there securely sleep.

[*A noise within.*

But, hark ! a martial noise begins to rise !

*Phin.* Loud knockings at the gate.

*Sag.* And horrid cries !

[*They all as amaz'd look out several ways, and return.*

Arm ! arm ! the court's beset ; a furious tide  
Of fighting crowds beat up on every side.

*Phin.* The streets with glittering spears are  
planted round,

And bloody rivers water all the ground.

*Matth.* And see where Esau's sons' proud banners  
fly,

And from the Temple walls the town defy.



*Sag.* We are betray'd, and the angelic pow'rs  
Forsook their guard to-night about these towers.  
What shall be done in a distress so great ?

*Phin.* What else, but fly with speed to some  
retreat ?

*Matth.* How ? shall I fear of these vile rebels  
shew ?

Rather to meet their impious rage I'll go.

*Sag.* Alas ! they seek your life, nor can y' oblige  
Men, whose devotion lies in sacrilege.

*Matth.* Heaven's will be done ! But better I  
were slain,

Than I my self my diadem profane ;  
Whose glory should I stain with sordid fears,  
My sacrilege wou'd be as great as their's.

*Phin.* I see no cause why we should vainly fight,  
To guard those sacred things Heav'n seems to slight.

*Matth.* If Heav'n's pleas'd t' abandon their de-  
fence,

I'll guard them in the room of Providence.

*JOHN ELEAZAR, and their party now break into  
the room with drawn swords, and chase  
MATTHIAS, &c., off the stage, who retreat fight-  
ing as into some other rooms of the palace,  
and shut the door to hinder John's pursuit.*

*Matth.* My guards ! [*Exeunt Matth., Sag., Phin., &c.*  
*Omnes.* Pursue !

*John.* So quick retreat they've found.

*Eleaz.* Fire this accursed building to the ground !  
This filthy nest that does all lewdness hide,  
Ambition, avarice, hot lust, and pride,  
The earth no longer shall this burden bear.

*John.* And greater lewdnesses are harbour'd  
here ;

Vespasian's image, and his goddess both,  
Queen Berenice, that Romish-Ashtaroth :

That fair abomination, to whose eyes  
The tyrant offers daily sacrifice.

*Eleaz.* Burn 'em together, let their dust repair  
To play and dally in the wanton air.

1 *Phar.* Fire it ! our time let us no longer lose.

2 *Phar.* And see his trait'rous head the tyrant  
shews !

MATTH., SAG., PHIN., *appear in the balcony.*

*Matth.* You, impious rebels all, which here I see,  
Sons of confusion, blood, and cruelty ;  
Born for our nation's and religion's shame,  
That would extirpate your own tribe and name,  
Have wrought such ills, that even the rising sun  
Startles to see the villanies y' have done ;  
What cruel devil does your hearts inspire  
To all these ills ? what is it you desire ?

*Eleaz.* Traitor ! Our country's freedom and thy  
blood.

1 *Phar.* And Cæsar's image here, thy molten god.

*Matth.* What molten god ?—what image ?

*Phin.* This is plain

The cursed image of some lying brain.

*Eleaz.* This pious man can all your doubts re-  
move,

And, tyrant, to thy face, thy treasons prove.

*Matth.* Villain, more false than hell !—Dost thou  
at last

Add this bold lie to all thy treasons past ? [*To John.*

*John.* Oh, dares this man thus confidently plead ?  
Merciful Heav'n that will not strike him dead !

*Eleaz.* Boldly reply ! [*To John.*

*John.* Now impudence thy aid. [*Aside.*

And are you not, bad man ! of Heav'n afraid ?

Do you not every hour expect at least

Heav'n with your tribe the hungry earth should  
feast ?

Its qualmish stomach with cold meat is cloy'd,  
 Not one warm meal since Corah's time enjoy'd.  
 But now a dish is drest, and I should fear,  
 But for these holy men, to stand so near.  
 Into my soul what great disorders creep !  
 Zeal makes me rage, and pity makes me weep.  
 An aged man, a priest, and once my friend !  
 But in truth's cause all these distinctions end.

*Matth.* And dar'st thou with so little fear or shame  
 Thy predecessor rebel Corah name,  
 And not expect his fate should be thy own,  
 Whose treasons are so much by thine out-done ?  
 Oh, hungry Earth ! to thy repast with speed !  
 But spare your tears, and to your proofs proceed.

*John.* Then did not I in several persons' sight,  
 In the first month, on the third watch of night ?—  
 But was it I ? that I should e'er descend  
 To so much frailty to oblige a friend !  
 To my own goodness I am made a prey ;  
 I am too meek, too ready to obey !  
 But did not I, to all the guards unknown,  
 Convey by night an image into town ?  
 And when I wept, and did the thing oppose,  
 You smil'd, and said, let us delude our foes,  
 And play with that Leviathan a while,  
 We by these arts shall all his pow'r beguile.  
 But shall not we deceive ourselves, said I ?  
 No strength or wisdom like integrity !  
 Then weeping you replied, Alas ! 'tis true :  
 But yet the foe is strong ; what shall we do ?  
 Good Heav'n, I hope, will no advantage take,  
 If we should sin a little for his sake ;  
 Then as I trembling stood, and wept and pray'd,  
 You are too tender, humble John, you said.  
 But, ah, said I again !—

*Matth.* No more, no more !—  
 In pity to thy injur'd soul, give o'er ;—

Thy shameless lies have manhood so defam'd,  
 Of human nature I am almost asham'd ;  
 And did not some the port of it maintain,  
 We might conceive mankind were made in vain,  
 Nay even admire why Heav'n such pains should  
 take,

Mischievous tools of dirty clay to make.

But to thy impudent unmanly lie,

My guards and javelins shall with speed reply.

[*Matthias, &c., go out of the balcony, and John, &c.,  
 break open the door, after which a noise of  
 fighting is heard ; then,*

*Enter PHRAARTES and MONOBAZUS as disturb'd with  
 the noise, and newly waked.*

*Phra.* What fierce and horrid sounds thus early  
 fill

My deaf'ned ears ? or am I dreaming still ?

For, snatch'd by sleep into an ambuscade,

I've all this night with charms and visions play'd.

*Monob.* And mighty weights my soul a pris'ner  
 kept,

As if beneath some mountain I had slept.

*Phra.* This is some magic place, where spirits  
 fly,

Where every night the trees all blasted die ;

And men like watches are in pieces ta'en,

And set together in the morn again.

Well might the almost immortal natives here

Preserve their vigour to the thousandth year ;

Since every night their bodies were not worn,

But gently lapt and folded up till morn.

But what bold spirits durst so saucy be,

To try these damn'd experiments on me ?

But, hark ! a noise within, like clash of arms !

*Monob.* Palace and city fill'd with strange alarms.

[*Monobazus looks within.*

What vision's that presented to my eyes,  
 The court with bleeding bodies cover'd lyes !  
 The brave high-priest amidst a guard does stand,  
 Offering victims up with his own hand  
 To this fair palace's offended gods,  
 By impious slaves disturb'd in their abodes.

*Phra.* They are some warlike shapes in masquerade.

*Monob.* Now toward the Temple they retreat  
 have made.

*Phra.* Fortune my sword's fair concubine does  
 prove

As false to me as Juno does to Jove !  
 Entice with sleepy charms my sense away,  
 Whilst she with others does the strumpet play.  
 So Jove on Ida charm'd, the Trojans fled,  
 But when the god rose from his flow'ry bed,  
 And look'd abroad out of his golden tent,  
 The Greeks their saucy valour did repent :  
 The wanton sorceress, now I am awake,  
 Shall to my injur'd sword again give back  
 The stolen favours she to every slave,  
 During the minutes of my slumbring gave. [*Exit.*]

*Monob.* Yes, Fortune shall repent her clownish  
 pride,  
 In scorn of Princes thus with slaves to side. [*Exit.*]  
 [*They go off, and after a little fighting without,*

*Enter, in their night-gowns, as in a fright, QUEEN  
 BERENICE, CLARONA, SEMANDRA, and PHEDRA.*

*Q. Beren.* Must I be murder'd then without  
 delay ?

And do the slaves my kindness thus repay ?  
 Did I, like some good angel from above,  
 Come from the heav'n of glory and of love,  
 To help these wretches in their deep despair,  
 And do the envious fiends such malice bear ?

They rather trebly will augment their pain,  
Than I shall see my paradise again.

*Clar.* My father to his foes by Heav'n resign'd ;  
This to contending nature seems unkind :  
But I'll not dare to pass too harsh a sense  
On any ways of Divine Providence.  
So many crowns our sufferings here attend,  
None for such interest wou'd refuse to lend.  
But see ! the Sagan and Prince Phineas here !  
But oh, distractions in their looks appear.

*Enter discoursing, and in great haste, as escap'd from  
the fight, SAGAN and PHINEAS.*

*Sag.* Ah, madam ! all is lost ! the sacred man,  
By heav'n deserted, is a pris'ner tane.  
Inspir'd with a devout and glorious pride  
To guard that heav'n, who him its aid denied.  
A brave retreat he to the Temple made,  
To conquer there, or perish in its aid.  
A living rampire for a while he stood,  
And moated round the sacred place with blood :  
The Temple trembl'd and the lamps burnt dim,  
Shook with the dangers that assaulted him ;  
Whilst unconcern'd he on his guard did wait,  
More fixt and steadfast than the brazen gate ;  
Enduring thus a hot and furious siege,  
And even sham'd the heav'n he did oblige :  
But e'er the king, who like a whirlwind flew,  
Tearing down groves of the seditious crew,  
Through thick and stubborn crowds cou'd make  
his way,

The rebels had secur'd the noble prey.

*Clar.* A fall like to his life renown'd and great,  
And does the story of his fame complete.

*Q. Beren.* Then we are lost, this cursed hour  
will prove  
The fatal period of my life and love.

*Clar.* What I divin'd! now all my hopes are gone,  
And my great father's glorious race is run.  
How fares the King?

*Phin.* A sea of armed foes  
That Monarch like a flaming isle enclose.

*Sag.* Waste no more precious time complaining here,  
But to our friends our quick assistance bear!

[*Exeunt Phin., Sag.*]

*Q. Beren.* And am I thrown into the rebels' power,  
And must I never see Vespasian more?  
It cannot be decreed! I rave, I rave!  
Nature no warning at our parting gave!  
The air wou'd sure have sigh'd, the caves have moan'd,  
The clouds have wept, the hollow mountains groan'd;

All friends of love wou'd have express their fear  
Of two so kind, so constant, and so dear:  
Nature wou'd then have had convulsive pains,  
And blood have startled out from both our veins.

*Clar.* Alas! too little care you did express  
Of so much love, and so much happiness.  
Why wou'd you thrust yourself into a den  
Of beasts, who only have the shapes of men?

*Q. Beren.* I came not here to offer you a peace,  
The Roman power and glory to increase;  
To add to empire was not my design,  
Though I may hope one day it will be mine;  
All my ambitions do no higher rise,  
Than at a smile from my Vespasian's eyes:  
But 'twas from him all danger to remove,  
Danger, the mighty rival to my love:  
Danger, that does enjoy him more than I,  
To whom from me he every hour does fly;

Leaps to her arms, and I'm afraid one day  
The harpy will devour the glorious prey.

*Clar.* Heaven's special providence will watch to  
save,

For universal good, a man so brave.

*Q. Beren.* You are a stranger to a lover's fears,  
They dangers spy whose shadow scarce appears.  
In camp how do I pass the day in frights,  
In horrid dreams and broken sleep the nights ?  
With my own cries myself I often wake,  
And waking, joy to find out my mistake :  
Then in a sound and pleasing sleep I fall ;  
But in the morning for my lord I call :  
How does my lord ? to every one I cry,  
If any look with a dejected eye ;  
But sad or pale, for no reply I stay,  
Conclude my lord is slain, and faint away.

*Clar.* If such vain terrors so much torment  
breed,

What wou'd you do, if he were hurt indeed ?

*Q. Beren.* What do the wounded and the dying  
do ?

Love joins in one what are in nature two :  
The breasts of lovers but one soul contain,  
Which equally imparts delight or pain.  
Once he on danger did too strongly press ;—  
For he has all great virtues in excess ;  
In gallant things endures no mean degree,  
But loves and fights still in extremity ;—  
When, oh ! he wounded did return from fight,  
You may conceive th' effect of such a sight.  
My sorrows violence no tongue can tell,  
Thrice in my women's arms all cold I fell ;  
And only was to wretched life again  
Tormented, by the throbbing of his pain.  
Hourly I watch'd by him both night and day,  
And never mov'd, but when I swoon'd away.



My eye for ever fixt on him I kept,  
 Nor lost the sight of him, but when I wept :  
 In all his pains I groan'd, his fevers burn'd,  
 Nor found I health or ease till his return'd.

*Clar.* Are these the sympathies that kindest  
 prove ?

Then I, I fear, have the disease of love.  
 At the brave King the darts and javelines fly,  
 But it is I am hurt, and I that die.

*Q. Beren.* And has victorious love, so long sup-  
 prest,  
 Obtain'd at length dominion in your breast ?

*Clar.* If pity can be love, then I confess  
 I love that valiant Monarch to excess.

*Q. Beren.* Under compassion you wou'd love dis-  
 guise,  
 There is no hiding love from lovers' eyes.

*Clar.* Perhaps I love, I scarce the difference  
 know,  
 But pity's all that I shall ever show.

*Q. Beren.* Your father's fate requires so great a  
 share  
 Of grief and pity, you have none to spare.

*Clar.* I rather triumph in my father's fate,  
 Since heavenly glories on his sufferings wait :  
 But the poor King has no one to repay  
 The royal life for me he throws away.

*Q. Beren.* Oh ! did he know you lov'd, he could  
 not die,

No more than those who enter heavenly joy.

*Clar.* Know it he may, enjoy it never can ;  
 'Twixt my embraces and that glorious man,  
 Religious vows have wider distance made,  
 Than if there were whole worlds betwixt us laid.

*Q. Beren.* Were worlds betwixt you, bigger all  
 than this,  
 Love o'er 'em all would mount, to fly to bliss,

Millions of leagues that hawk his airy spies,  
And wheresoe'er you perch him, home he flies.

*Clar.* He must not fly within religion's grounds.

*Q. Beren.* Nor ought religion to invade his bounds.

Come, to some tower let's ourselves betake,  
Where each of us a brave defence will make,  
Less for her own, than for her lover's sake.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

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ACT V. SCENE I.

*The Temple.*

*After a noise of fighting, enter JOHN, ELEAZER, and the PHARISEES, leading MATTHIAS bound.*

*Eleaz.* Kill, kill the priest! to save whose cursed head

The blood of saints is so profusely shed!

*1 Phar.* Make the bold heathen King his rage repent,

Fix the priest's head upon the battlement!

*John.* Yes, sir, you die! you have a tyrant bin.

*Eleaz.* Bane of religion!

*2 Phar.* A support of sin!

*John.* Greedy of wealth!

*Eleaz.* Ambitious and profane!

*3 Phar.* Enslaving us that you alone might reign.

*1 Phar.* Despising all that our traditions own.

*John.* Hater of zeal, because yourself had none.

*Eleaz.* Patron of all that to your side you gain,  
Proselyte, Gentile, or Samaritan.

*2 Phar.* And that, for which you most deserve to die,

An open favourer of idolatry.

3 *Phar.* Yes, sir ! for power you would to Rome  
have sold

Our Temple, altars, and our sacred gold ;  
And plac'd their idols here, provided you  
Might have been made a mighty idol too.

*John.* Rome was the idol which you worship'd  
here,

Your Dagon, Ashtaroth, and Baal-Peor.

*Eleaz.* You are her priest, she plac'd you in the  
chair.

1 *Phar.* These are her robes and ornaments you  
wear.

2 *Phar.* And to your mighty Moloch's bloody  
shrine,

You did our lives in sacrifice design.

*Matth.* Amazing impudence !

*John.* Come, do not fly

To such vain trifles, but prepare to die :

They will not here so easily believe,

Let not vain hopes of life your soul deceive ;

For though I to your crimes express some hate,  
I have a Jewish charity for that.

*Matth.* Oh Heavens !—

*John.* What still in this disorder keep ?

Alas ! the doleful object makes me weep !

An aged man !—nay more, a reverend priest !

At his last hour in falsehood thus persist ?

*Eleaz.* Tears for such sinners ought not to be  
spilt.

3 *Phar.* His age and office aggravates his guilt.

1 *Phar.* A priest sell Heav'n a little power to  
gain ?

*Eleaz.* A priest so proud ?

*John.* An aged man so vain ?

*Matth.* Oh ! divine goodness lend my spirit  
power,

To rule itself in this tempestuous hour.

- Eleaz.* Come, bind his eyes !  
*Matth.* What ! in the Temple too ?  
 To Heaven itself is there no reverence due ?  
 2 *Phar.* You talk of Heaven !  
*Eleaz.* You sacrilege reprove,  
 When if not hinder'd by the power above,  
 A tyrant's image had defil'd this place !  
*John.* So much dissembling in that aged face !  
 3 *Phar.* Mock Heaven the instant you expect to  
 die !  
*John.* Do you the being of that power deny ?  
 Methinks if conscience no respect can gain,  
 Shame before me a little should restrain.  
 Do not I know ?—Oh, that I ne'er had known ;  
 It costs me many a most bitter groan.  
*Eleaz.* Grieve not your self, your cause needs no  
 defence.  
*John.* Oh ! divine gift of useful impudence !  
*[Aside.*  
*Matth.* Oh ! glorious being ! For thy honour's  
 sake,  
 Some swift revenge on these apostates take.  
*Eleaz.* Come to the work—Let us no longer  
 wait !  
 But see ! the Gentile King has forc'd the gate.  
*Omnes.* We are betray'd !  
 PHRAARTES, GUARD, *enter, and pursue the rebels,*  
*who retire and shut the door after them.*  
*Phra.* What horrid sight is this ?  
*[Sees Matthias bound ready to die.*  
 To what curst demon is this sacrifice ?  
 Pursue, pursue the dogs !——  
*Phia.* This cursed tower  
 Secures the bloody rebels from our power.  
*Phra.* Fire it ! let flames the savage villains chase.  
*Phin.* It lodges, sir, too near this sacred place.

*Phra.* The sacred place ! there can be no such thing ;

The world has nothing sacred but a King.  
I am prophan'd, and I revenge will have.

*Matth.* O truth ! why dwell'st thou not in souls  
so brave ?

Calm, sir, your royal soul ! your just desire  
Heav'n will pursue, with swifter wings than fire.  
Their crying sins that sleepy vengeance wake,  
Which mounted, soon their troops shall overtake.  
But oh, what crowns in Heav'n are forming now,  
By angels' hands, for our preserver's brow !

*Phra.* Oh ! my good father ! there was once an  
hour,

When you had greater treasure in your power :  
Now you may turn me off to Heav'n for pay,  
For all this treasure you have given away.

*Matth.* When I enjoy'd this wealth I do not know,  
Nor yet to whom I did this bounty show !

*Phra.* Nay, it is that that makes my grief extreme,  
You have bestow'd it on a cloud, a dream.  
An empty shadow does my hopes destroy :  
Were he a mortal did the gift enjoy,  
With kingdoms I would hire him to resign,  
Or spight of him my sword should make it mine.  
But like Cambyzes here I madly stand,  
To fight with winds, and conquer flying sand :  
Roving imaginations of the mind,  
That fly around the world, and reason blind.  
Forgive my words, forc't from me by my pain ;  
'Tis of religion, father, I complain,  
And your fair daughter is the gift I mean.

*Matth.* Has she the subject of this wonder been ?  
Is that the prize shou'd be so dearly bought,  
A poor and humble maid below your thought ?  
She to religion may her self bestow,  
Who has no taste of any thing below.

And say religion, sir, shou'd nothing be,  
Then nothing best with nothing will agree ;  
And she so little feels the joys of sense,  
She's next to nothing in indifference.  
What shou'd she do with subjects, and a throne,  
Who half her life is on her knees alone ?  
She to a lover will give small delight,  
Who wastes in prayer two watches of the night.  
Besides, she beauty wants a throne to grace,  
And fill with pleasures such a King's embrace.

*Phra.* Good father, you are skill'd in things  
above,  
Leave beauty to be judg'd by youth and love.

*Enter CLARONA, PHEDRA, WOMEN, attended with a  
Guard.*

*Clar.* Are my prayers heard, do I my father see?  
And is he safe from rebels' cruelty ?

*Matth.* By this great King's protection yet I live,  
To whom next Heav'n thou must thy praises give ;  
And, wou'd religion with her title part,  
On whom thou oughtest to bestow thy heart.  
Oh ! daughter, we his kindness ill repay ;  
He gives us joy, and we take his away.

*Phra.* Yes, madam ! I in insolence improve ;  
For now in spight of your commands I love.  
Sentence of banishment on me you laid,  
And I some trials of obedience made :  
But all my strife with mighty love was vain,  
It did compel me to return again,  
And fix my self on you, my place of rest ;  
You I must love, and in your love be blest.

*Clar.* Still do those thoughts your mighty mind  
pursue ?

Alas ! they torture me now more than you.  
Before it was the Parthian King did crave,  
But now the Prince who did my father save.

He asks my love, to whom my life I owe ;  
 Sir, ask me anything I can bestow,  
 If then I prove to your entreaties rude,  
 Call me a monster of ingratitude.

*Phraar.* For the too cruel doom to me decreed,  
 I know you nature and religion plead ;  
 That both have firmly against love combin'd,  
 Nature has made it hateful to your mind,  
 Religion has deform'd it into sin ;  
 But, madam, I am all a storm within :  
 My reason cannot hear one word you say ;  
 My raging love blows all the sound away.

*Matth.* Pity such stormy passions, sir, shou'd  
 blow

In a brave heart, where such great virtues grow.

*Clar.* With love so generous I could comply,  
 Did not religion and my vows deny.

*Phraar.* No more to me that dream religion  
 name,

On more substantial causes lay the blame :  
 Say I have something does your hatred move,  
 Or that I am not worthy of your love :  
 That I'm a banish'd King, and want a crown,  
 And have not yet reveng'd my wrong'd renown.  
 Say this, and I will satisfied remain,  
 'Till I my honour right, my Empire gain,  
 'Till Rome, nay, 'till the captive world I bring  
 To beg you to have pity on their King.

*Clar.* Sir, for your love, no beauty upon earth  
 But might adore the stars that rul'd their  
 birth.

In you, sir, all their longings may be crown'd :  
 Do they love glory ? here 'tis to be found ;  
 If valour ? never was a man so brave ;  
 If love ? here's all that they can wish to have ;  
 If noble form ? here they may please their sight,  
 With all that is in nature exquisite.

*Phraar.* Can you say all these things, and love deny?

*Clar.* I at this price eternal glory buy.

*Phraar.* Eternal glory!—oh! that sounding word!  
Did it the joy of one hour's love afford,  
Or what a minute's pleasing dream bestows,  
Then you gain'd something for the joys you lose  
But do not sacrifice me to a sound,  
Where no delight or meaning can be found.

*Matth.* Your royal soul has only yet perus'd  
The book of nature, which is all confus'd :  
Religion shews you more of heavenly good,  
Than ever nature taught or understood.

*Clar.* Or truth or falsehood which so e'er it be,  
If I believe it, it is truth to me.

Then, sir, forgive me if I dare not love,  
I dare not to religion faithless prove.  
Suppose, sir, I had vow'd myself to you,  
Would you be willing I shou'd prove untrue ?  
And if I break my vows with powers above,  
Consider I may then prove false to love.

*Phraar.* Then give to Heav'n the soul which you  
have vow'd,

But let these beauties be on love bestow'd.  
Let me enjoy those hands, those lips, those eyes,  
Which only flesh and blood know how to prize,  
And will not Heaven's estate at all impair,  
And I will be contented with my share.

*Clar.* All is religion's.

*Phraar.* Do not tell me, all !—

*Clar.* It is too late my vows, sir, to recall.

*Phraar.* All or not all, Heaven's right retain or  
give ;

Love must have something that he may but live.

*Clar.* What, father, can be done ?

*Matth.* I do not know,  
Fain wou'd I pay the mighty debt we owe.



*Clar.* Me from my birth yourself to altars vowed.

*Matth.* But by the law redemption is allowed.

*Phraar.* Oh ! blessed news ! Some hope is drawing nigh,

Can I her freedom with my Kingdom buy ?

*Matth.* Much lower price will do it—keep your crown,

Heav'n needs it not, the world is all his own.

*Clar.* I've vow'd myself.

*Matth.* That is as I allow :

Subjects and children have no right to vow.

When Kings or parents their consent deny,

A solemn league is solemn villany.

But oh ! I gave you my consent with joy.

*Phra.* Oh ! do not now my infant hopes destroy !

*Matth.* Alas ! my reason no more aid can lend.

*Phra.* How long shall I with shadows here contend ?

I'm kept a pris'ner in religious rules, [Aside.

And holy laws, the common jail of fools.

That I cou'd travel to some happy star,

Or other worlds remov'd from this so far,

Where the great bell religion is not heard,

Nor men out of the use of reason scar'd ;

Where happy souls enjoy unbroken rests,

And have not their delights disturb'd by priests,

Who daily tolling of this bell are found,

And no man lives out of the frightful sound.

*Matth.* I see I'm thrust on ill, deny or grant !

I must rob heaven, or let you starve for want.

Men are all cruelty, but Heav'n will spare,

I'll trust him, and religious sufferings bear.

Take her ! but know I steal from wealth divine,

And for your use the gold of altars coin.

*Clar.* Who gave my being may of me dispose,  
I yield the gift a father's right bestows.

*Phra.* Soul! summon all thy force thy joy to bear,

Whilst on this hand eternal love I swear.

*Clar.* Now I am wholly at the king's commands,  
I kneel and beg most humbly at his hands,  
My joy, my peace, my everlasting crown,  
All which I've humbly at his feet laid down.

*Phra.* What means my Queen? what is it she  
wou'd have?

*Clar.* What I have sworn to carry to my grave,  
And must, or perish in its just defence,  
I mean my spotless virgin innocence.

*Phra.* Was e'er such a request to lover made?  
Think you that such commands can be obey'd?

*Clar.* Yes, or for ever I must wretched prove!

*Phra.* Ask not, unless you think I do not love.

*Clar.* Sir! if you do, then let your love be seen.

*Phra.* It quickly shall! I'll make you such a  
Queen—

*Clar.* You may, the happiest that did ever reign,  
By your restoring Heaven to me again.

*Phra.* To night I'll give it in your bridal bed.

*Clar.* First round the world let me in chains be  
led.

*Phra.* These are not sure your thoughts? think  
once again!

*Clar.* The resolution I'll to death retain.

*Phra.* Is this my bridal song? a sweeter sound  
Should in that heavenly voice methinks be found.

Altars, to your omnipotence I bow,

From me you force what armies cou'd not do:

What you will have no power can retain.

Fair Saint! I give you to your vows again.

Sleep on! and dream of mighty things above,

I will not wake you any more with love.

*Matth.* Live, King Phraartes, let Jerusalem ring!

*Clar.* All chaste and holy maids his praises sing.

*All.* Long live King Phraartes !

*Phra.* But must I all of you to Heaven resign ?  
May not this hand, those charming eyes be mine ?  
*Clar.* I'll grant the King, sure, any modest  
prayer.

*Phra.* Pray give me all of you that Heaven can  
spare.

*Clar.* You shall have all the joys in friendship's  
store.

*Phra.* I'll be content, since I must have no more.  
You shall remain my sacred maiden Queen,  
A glorious treasure only to be seen.

*All.* Long live King Phraartes !

*Enter MESSENGER, SAGAN, and PHINEAS.*

*Mess.* Ah, sir, new terror the whole city fills,  
An army covers all the neighbouring hills ;  
A dreadful shadow o'er each valley falls,  
And Roman eagles hover near our walls.  
Queen Berenice, transported with the sight,  
Prepares her chariots to be gone to-night ;  
The valiant stranger who was here her guard,  
With leave to wait on her she does reward ;  
The raging people, rous'd with these alarms,  
In wild distractions all betake to arms.

*Phra.* Friend, thou dost glorious tidings to me  
bring,  
Now there is business worthy of a King.

*Matth.* Arriv'd ! ere we are fitted for defence ?

*Phin.* We have been wrong'd with false intelli-  
gence.

*Sag.* Sure all our scouts have been surpriz'd, or  
slain ?

*Matth.* Haste, lest the thieves by this advantage  
gain !

Shut all the gates, and guard the outward courts,  
But chiefly watch the rebels' strong resorts :

Then place our standard by the camp divine,  
And there in arms let all the people join !

*Phin.* Sure they a resolute defence will make,  
Since in the town our nation lies at stake ;  
Hither our tribes are from all places come,  
Fear has drove thousands, and devotion some :  
Some for the passover that's drawing nigh,  
But thousands only here for refuge fly.  
These buildings harbour, on a various score,  
Two hundred legions of our race and more.  
But on what e'er intent they here repair,  
They to their wealth and lives devotion bear.

*Matth.* Let 'em all arm ! for though the foe is  
brave,

I on no terms a peace with Rome will have.  
The cause is Heaven's, and let the power divine  
Relinquish me, if I his right resign.

*Phraar.* Father, your foes already have their  
doom ;

Triumph this moment for the fall of Rome !  
Her slaughtered legions feed your beasts and fowls,  
Dung earth with carcasses, and hell with souls ;  
The chains of all the captive Kings, and States,  
Their power oppress, are fallen at your gates :  
Hither by fate is all their glory hurl'd,  
Stoop and take up the Empire of the world.  
For he who being to Clarona gave,  
Ought the world's Empire in reward to have.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

## THE EPILOGUE TO THE FIRST PART.

So, Heaven be thank'd, the play is at an end !  
The best pretence it has to gain a friend.  
But this designs to draw another on,  
But you may damn 'em now both under one :  
Faults to deserve it every critic sees,  
And they and we both want no enemies.  
First all you wits, who for some secret crime,  
Have taken up a pique against poor rhyme,  
And you at present are no little store ;  
And next the poet's foes, and they are more.  
Then all whom priests and women saints displease,  
A small and trifling number—next to these,  
If any such can be, the pious Jew ;  
The frantique part of all our Nation too,  
Fanaticks, who'll be angry with us all,  
For ripping up their base original ;  
Shewing their sires, the Pharisees, from whom  
They and their cheats by long succession come :  
Whom they're so like, the diff'rence duly priz'd,  
Fanaticks are but Jews uncircumciz'd.  
These plays then must have luck to be long liv'd,  
None e'er for damning better were contriv'd.  
What made the poet on Jerus'lem fall ?  
A tale of Sodom wou'd ha' pleas'd you all.  
But he at shew and great machines might aim,  
Fine chairs to carry poetry when lame,  
On ropes instead of raptures to rely,  
When the sense creeps, to make the actors fly.  
These tricks upon our stage will never hit,  
Our company is for the old way of wit.

Then actors play'd on nature's charge alone,  
And only poets then could be undone ;  
But now they lean so heavy on the age,  
One blockhead poet falling breaks a stage.  
Then gentlemen for plays so much distrest,  
Naked of shew, by enemies opprest,  
The poet begs the aid of all the brave ;  
And that he may some pretence to it have,  
First for his rhyme he pardon does implore,  
And promises to ring those chimes no more :  
Next for Jerus'lem, but with patience stay,  
And you shall see it burnt in the next play :  
And last, to take away all sad complaints,  
These plays debauch our women into saints,  
Forgive it in the plays, and we'll engage,  
They shall be saints no where but on the stage.



THE DESTRUCTION  
OF  
JERUSALEM.

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PART II.



*The Destruction of Jerusalem by Titus Vespasian. The  
Second Part. As it is acted at the Theatre Royal by their  
Majesties' Servants. Written by Mr Crown. London :  
Printed for J. Magnes and R. Bentley, in Russel-street in  
Covent-Garden, near the Piazzas. Anno Dom. 1677. 4to.*

THE second part of the "Destruction of Jerusalem" comprehends the siege of the city, its capture, and the burning of the Temple. It is more sensational and dramatic than the first part; and, as D'avenant introduced scenery to the English stage on the Restoration, and had brought it to great perfection, it is not unlikely that the scenic effect produced in the burning of the Temple might have proved in itself sufficiently attractive to supersede the patronage of the King's mistress, or even of the Monarch himself.\*

On the first day of July 1712, the second part of the drama was revived at Drury Lane. It had not been acted for fifteen years previously. Booth took the part of Titus Vespasian, and Mills that of Phraartes, the mythic King of Parthia. John, the assassin of Mathias, the High Priest of Jerusalem, was performed by George Powell, an author, in addition to an actor, which his father had been before him. With every advantage of voice and ear, considered a successful rival of the great Betterton, and a favourite of the public, Powell's intemperate habits brought him prematurely to the grave in the year 1714.† He performed Falstaff, in the first part of Henry

\* In the edition of Suetonius by Pitiscus, 2 vols. 4to., 1715, there is a fine but imaginative print of the burning of the Temple.

† Gilliland's "Dramatic Mirror." London, 1808. Vol. I. p. 503. The following is a list of his dramatic works: 1. Alphonso, King of Naples; a tragedy; London, 1691; dedicated to the Duchess of Ormond. 2. A Very Good Wife; comedy; London, 1693; dedicated to Alexander Popham, Esq. Powell acted Courtall, "a gentleman, who, by his generous temper, has wasted his fortunes, and (is) put to his shifts,"—believed to be his own portrait. 3. Treacherous Brothers; a tragedy; London, 1696; dedicated to the Patentees and Sharers of their Majesties' Theatre. 4. The Imposture Defeated, or a Trick to Cheat the Devil; comedy; London, 1698; no dedication. 5. The Cornish Comedy; London, 1696; dedicated to Rich. 6. Bonduca; a tragedy, altered from Fletcher; London, 1696; dedicated to the second Lord Jeffereys. 7. A New Opera, called Brutus of Alba, or Augusta's Triumph, by Powell and Verbruggen; 1697. All in 4to.

IV., for his benefit, 7th April 1712. The *Spectator* says: "The haughty George Powell hopes all the good-natured part of the town will favour him whom they applauded in Alexander, Timon, Lear, and Orestes, with their company this night, when he hazards all his her-oick glory in the humbler condition of honest Jack Falstaff." Tiberias, the adviser and friend of Titus, was allotted to Keen. Berenice, who now took the precedence of Clarona as leading heroine, was given to Mrs Rogers; whilst Mrs Bradshaw represented the deposed lady. To the bill of the play the following notice was subjoined: "The company will continue to act every Tuesday and Friday."\* Geneste, from whose valuable record the preceding notice has been extracted, does not mention any later representation of either part of the tragedy.

The loves of Phraartes and Clarona terminate fatally. Despite the absurd rhodomontade of the Parthian Prince, there is a chivalrous bearing about him which creates for him more than an ordinary sympathy, and it would have been preferable if Crowne had allowed Clarona to recover from her wound, and escape with her faithful swain to his own dominions.

Racine published in 1670 his tragedy of Berenice, entirely founded upon the loves of the Emperor Titus and the Queen of Palestine; consequently in preparing his drama in which their love-passages are also introduced, Crowne had the advantage of perusing a drama more calculated for the meridian of Paris than of London. The contest in the mind of Titus between love for the Queen and ambition for the Empire becomes latterly very tedious, and the long harangues on both sides must have been difficult for the performers to remember, and wearisome for an audience to listen to. Crowne has avoided this, and his version of the story is calculated to induce a suspicion that the liberal notions of the Queen of Palestine had rendered matrimony unnecessary,

\* Crowne's "City Politicks" was acted on the 11th of July following, with this intimation, that "Bartoline," Leigh's famous personation, was to be omitted. This is something as amusing as the old joke of the Tragedy of Hamlet being represented in a country town, the character of Hamlet being by particular desire omitted.

and that the dislike of the Romans to foreigners, and particularly to a Jewish Empress, came very opportunely to excuse any breach of promise, if indeed, there had ever been anything of the kind.

Suetonius, in his account of the Cæsars,\* which some learned critic not unaptly terms the "Scandalous Chronicle" of his time, commences the seventh chapter of his history of Titus Vespasianus Augustus thus: "Præter sævitiā, suspecta in eo etiam luxuria erat: quod ad mediam noctem comessationes cum profusissimo quoque familiarum extenderet. Nec minus libido, propter exoletorum, et spadonum greges, propterque insignem reginæ Beronices amorem, cui etiam nuptias pollicitus ferebatur. Suspecta et rapacitas: quod constabat in cognitionibus patris nundinari præmiiarique solitum: deinde propalam alium Neronem et opinabantur et prædicabant. At illi ea fama pro bono cessit, conversaque est in maximas laudes: neque ullo vitio reperto, et contra virtutibus summis. Convivia instituit jucunda magis, quam profusa. Amicos elegit, quibus etiam post cum principes, ut et sibi et Reipublicæ necessariis acquieverunt, præcipueque usi Beronice statim ab urbe demisit invitum invitam."

Pitiscus, the apt editor of Suetonius, in his summary of the contents of chapter vii., designates Titus, before his reformation, "*Luxoriosus, Libidinosus, Rapax*;" and in support of his second epithet, refers to his *insignis amor* of the Queen Berenice, to whom he had, as reported, promised marriage. In a note, he states that she was a daughter of Agrippa, King of Judea and Samaria, who, upon the death of Marcus, to whom she had been betrothed, married her to Herod, his brother, and her own uncle. This was in the time of the Emperor Claudius, Anno Domini 43. This marriage was not of long duration; and, according to Josephus, his widow remained unmarried a long time, during which there was a scandal of a most offensive nature circulated regarding her, which is alluded to by Juvenal in his sixth satire.

To refute the imputation upon her character, "she wrought so much, that Polemon, King of Alicia, caused

\* Suetonii Opera. Pitisco, 1715. 4to. Tom. II. p. 995.

himself to be circumcised, to the end he might espouse her, purposing by that means to make it known how falsely she had been accused, whereupon Polemon gave ear, because she was rich.\* But his Majesty of Alicia made a sad mistake in his matrimonial arrangements, "for Berenice, thorow her impudency, as it is reported, abandoned Polemon, who, giving over that marriage, forsook the religion of the Jews."

We learn from Josephus† that Berenice married her uncle when sixteen years of age. Her first husband having died a few years after marriage, she did not take her second spouse, Polemon, until A.D. 56, when she was about twenty-six years of age. In 66 Berenice was about thirty-six. At what precise period the intercourse commenced with Titus has not been ascertained. It may, however, be surmised that it was between the years 56 and 66 that she met the heir of the Emperor Vespasian; and that little difficulty would be experienced in the conquest of a youth by an amorous widow, beautiful, fascinating, and unprincipled. That the love was Platonic is unlikely; and if the lady was so very susceptible, as there is every reason to suppose, and Titus, as the Commentator of Suetonius asserts, was in his youth "libidinosus," it can hardly be imagined that the wanton pair would, when alone together, consume the pleasant moments in prayer. As the Queen of Palestine was a woman, although a Jewess, and her lover a man, although a Pagan, the Christian legal axiom may not improperly be fairly applied to both, *ut solus cum sola in loco secreto non presumitur dicere Pater noster*.

Gifford, in a note to a passage in his admirable translation of the Sixth Satire of Juvenal, describes "Berenes" as a woman "equally celebrated for her lewdness and her beauty, who had prevailed on Titus to promise her marriage—a promise which nothing but his dread of an insurrection prevented him from carrying into execution."‡ It may be conjectured that by this time Titus

\* Lodge's "Josephus." London, 1640. P. 506. Ib. 522.

† Lodge's "Josephus," p. 321.

‡ The Satires of Juvenal, of Decimus Junius Juvenalis, translated into English verse by William Gifford, Esq. London, 1802. P. 181. 4to.

was not at all indisposed to avail himself of the popular demonstration against Berenice to dissolve a connection which not improbably had become irksome from fruition, and was so dangerous to his Imperial pretensions,

Titus was born in January A.D. 41, and was thirty years of age when he was invested with the title of Emperor, and associated with his father in the sovereignty. He succeeded his father A.D. 79, but held the Empire only two years, when he was poisoned, as is believed, by his brother and successor, Domitian.

Not the least remarkable circumstance connected with Berenice, or Bernice, is the incidental notice of her in the New Testament,\* in which she is mentioned as coming with her brother Agrippa to Cæsarea to visit Festus. It was to Agrippa and Festus that St Paul made his well-known address.†

The final destruction of Jerusalem was completed in the year of our Lord 72. It "was taken by the Romans on the seventeenth of the Jewish month of Tamuz, coinciding with the nineteenth of the month of July. The Temple was destroyed about the ninth of the month of August, or ninth of the Jewish month Ab: both of these days are kept by the Jews of the present time as days of fasting and humiliation."‡ It is recorded that nearly two millions of Jews perished "in various ways; but, notwithstanding so much slaughter, the end had not come, for it was not until the time of Hadrian that the expulsion of the Jews from the city finally took place."

Poets are privileged to trade in fiction, and Racine has availed himself of this license to a remarkable extent, for he has made a tragedy of five acts entirely out of an attempt by a middle-aged widow to circumvent a noble young Roman aspiring to the Empire, who might very nearly have been her son as regards age. She might have carried her point but for the good sense

\* Acts of the Apostles, chap. xxvi. verse 13.

† There were two Agrippas, father and son. The former, after narrowly escaping death at the hands of Caligula, was patronised by the Emperor Claudius, and confirmed by him as King of Judæa, and the latter Agrippa was his successor.

‡ Hobler's "Records of Roman History, exhibited on the Roman Coins." 2 vols. Westminster, 1860. 4to. Vol. I. p. 164.

of the Roman soldiers, who refused to take him as their ruler if he continued his intercourse with the Jewish Princess.

Crowne has performed his task more artistically than his Gallic predecessor. The passages of love so tedious in Racine are shortened, and the auditors are left to judge for themselves of the nature of the connection. The parting of the lovers; the flippancy of Berenice, and her taunts as to the preference shown by Titus—or rather, which she asserted was shown by him—to the vote of the soldiers over her love, are natural, and such as might have been said by a scheming woman thwarted in her designs. Then there are various incidents which relieve the tedium of the dialogue of the lovers: such as the assassination of Clarona, the rhapsodies of Phraartes, his discomfiture and death, the capture of John, the villain of the piece, and finally the burning of the Temple. Thus the attention of the audience would never flag; and if the scenes went smoothly, they would leave the theatre delighted not so much with what they had heard, as with what they had seen.

## THE PROLOGUE.

How ! once again this fair and noble show ?  
The poet hopes you will good-natur'd grow :  
He shew'd before his muse but to the waist ;  
The Jewish harlot hopes her danger's past,  
If she above cou'd ought to please you shew,  
You will implicitly like all below.  
The fool is hardy who to write does dare ;  
As strong in brain as Sampson in his hair  
He needs to be, who conquers, when he writes,  
The pit Philistines, gall'ry Gergashites.  
But what allies to aid him he does chuse ?  
Priests, women saints, and Pharasaick Jews.  
You wicked wits all holy things despise,  
More charm in 'em then you perceive there lyes.  
Have you forgot, since wit was fool'd by cant,  
The hero ruin'd by the sneaking saint ?  
Saintship was making of a wicked face ?  
And snuffling was a certain sign of grace ?  
Since by a fine distinction then in vogue,  
The inward saint was only fac'd with rogue ;  
And men did subt'ly split themselves in two,  
And th' outward man did all the mischief do.  
If the good brethren by a chance did fall,  
In that deep pit of sin you wenching call,  
'Twas but the outward knave that was unchaste,  
And sisters sinn'd but downward from the waist ;  
The inward maid as chaste was as before,  
And th' upper parts did sanctify the low'r.  
Thus they cou'd sin, and yet be sisters too ;  
Women are wenches straight who sin with you.



Since those false Pharisees did works so great,  
Why may not true ones do a little cheat?  
Pervert your likings to these wretched plays,  
And make you for a wit the scribbler praise.  
Tub-preachers rid you all for years at least,  
Pray for an hour endure a Jewish priest ;  
So make the stage successful as the tub,  
And critics may succeed to Beelzebub.

## THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

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### PART II.

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#### ACT I. SCENE I.

*TITUS alone, sitting melancholy in his tent.*

*Tit.* No more, no more ! whilst I her doom  
delay

My heart each hour I to new pains betray ;  
The more I think, the less resolv'd I prove,  
And I but wider tear the wounds of love.  
These thoughts no more shall in my soul contest,  
I'll pull this shaft of love out of my breast,  
And with one snatch conclude my ling'ring pain ;  
This day two victories at once I'll gain,  
Over my heart, and this rebellious town,  
Conclude at once their sorrows and my own,  
Subdue both love and them, my fame complete ;  
Glory begins to rise, now love must set.  
Said I, my sorrows now an end should know ?  
Vespasian never wretched was till now !  
I fight to purchase what I not regard,  
Rome with my ruin does my sword reward.  
Gods ! The Queen's sentence I must quickly speak,  
Or I shall all my resolutions break.  
Who waits ?——

*Enter an OFFICER.*

*Off.* My lord !—

*Tit.* How forward is the day ?

*Off.* The sun does o'er the hills his beams display.

*Tit.* The loit'ring morn does me a while prevent ;  
The beauteous Queen now slumbers in her tent ;  
Some God in dream the fatal tidings bear,  
And for her doom her noble soul prepare.  
Till she awakes I must my love reprieve,  
Meanwhile I for th' assault will orders give.

*Trumpets sound, and a CENTURION enters.*

*Cent.* Great sir ! Tiberias with the Kings attend  
Without your tent, and for admission send.

*Tit.* Conduct 'em in ! they opportunely come,  
Now stubborn town I must pronounce thy doom.

*Centurion goes out and immediately enter TIBERIAS,  
MALCHUS, and ANTIOCHUS.*

*Tib.* All health to glorious Cæsar ! Duty  
brings

Myself, and your allies, these brave young Kings,  
Thus early, sir, your great commands to know ;  
Both they and all your troops impatient grow,  
Your mercy longer should these rebels save,  
And humbly beg they may permission have  
To throw this city, without more delay,  
Beneath your feet, and end the war to-day.

*Tit.* These valiant monarchs my desires prevent,  
What they petition is my own intent.  
These slaves no more my mercy shall outbrave,  
Yet I would fain this splendid city save.  
Methinks it does a noble town appear ;  
Gods might forsake their heaven t' inhabit here.  
With much delight I from my camp behold

Their shining Temple, flaming all with gold ;  
Which every morning puts such glory on,  
I oft mistake it for the rising sun.  
The mountain which supports the splendid weight,  
Under the bright oppression seems to sweat ;  
Whilst flocking gods from every region come,  
Despising all their little fanes at home.

*Mal.* To shining walls do you such kindness  
bear :  
For the den's sake will you the wild beast  
spare ?

*Ant.* Three months your gen'rous self you deaf  
have shewn  
To th' importunings of your own renown ;  
Feeding your hungry eagles every day,  
Only in pity to the trembling prey,  
Tiring the arms of Fame, who, to present  
Her load of crowns has waited at your tent.

*Tib.* Both men and gods, astonish'd, sir, appear  
To see a den of famished rebels here,  
Which might so soon out of your way be hurl'd,  
Retard you from the conquest of the world.

*Mal.* But how much longer shall, may soon be  
known ;  
Two walls your rams beneath your feet have  
thrown,  
That now the town has in her sad distress  
But one poor wall to hide her nakedness.

*Ant.* Yes! mighty Cæsar has one robe bestow'd,  
A work that might become some powerful god ;  
A wall wherewith he has their tow'rs confin'd  
As if to make new wonders for mankind :  
Built by your legions in the little space,  
The sun but thrice drove round his daily race ;  
That the fourth morning the astonish'd sun  
Stood still to gaze on what your troops had done ;  
And now these crowds cannot your anger fly,

They have no way to 'scape you, but to die.

*Tit.* You saw, constrain'd by famine, how they fought ;

Grass, hay, or dung, at what dear rates they bought ;  
 Around the meadows they would fiercely range,  
 And freely blood for juice of grass exchange :  
 Nay, with the plenty grew luxurious too,  
 Were fat with grass, and drunk with morning dew,  
 That I was forc'd this remedy to take,  
 Both for my men and for my horses' sake ;  
 Most for their own, whom I would fain reprieve,  
 Compel to taste my clemency, and live.

*Tib.* Yes, sir ; but ere they will a Roman serve,  
 The foolish slaves in malice chuse to starve :  
 Shut in with famine, he such shoals does eat,  
 The savage monster will our swords defeat ;  
 Each ditch and vault his foul provisions fill ;  
 There scarce are living left enow to kill.

*Tit.* A strange distraction on these wretches seize.

*Mal.* The nobler Jews are sick of that disease,  
 Religious madness does their minds oppress,  
 And with strange dreams their raving thoughts  
 possess :

Past cure of hunger, darkness, iron rods,  
 They talk of nought but Heav'n, religion, gods,  
 Of conq'ring you, nay of enslaving Rome,  
 Of Empire here, and paradise to come.

*Ant.* Nay, every moment they expect a King  
 Of their own nation, who shall succour bring,  
 Strange wonders do both teach and rule the earth,  
 And think the clouds big with this mighty birth.  
 It never thunders but they think he calls ;  
 Each storm they watch to catch him as he falls.

*Tib.* Some fondly dream, the Parthian King is he ;  
 Think him the eldest son of prophesie.  
 Find him inroll'd in their divine record,  
 And see strange wonders budding on his sword.

A mighty empire is in him begun,  
He drives along the chariot of their sun.  
Behind the hills already it appears,  
His valour lashes on the loitering years.

*Tit.* Poor Prince! to vault up to such heights as  
those,

Improper ground he for his rise has chose.  
My injur'd patience shall no longer wait ;  
This night I have decreed the city's fate ;  
And the last morning now is drawing on  
The sun shall rise o'er this rebellious town.  
To all my squadrons strictest orders bear,  
They for a general assault prepare !  
And if the rebels still my mercy slight,  
Bury the city out of human sight !  
Only from ruin save the bright abode  
Of their great power, I would oblige that god ;  
To aid rebellion, nobly he disdains ;  
Besides the pile my admiration gains :  
What else of greatness may deserve the name  
Preserve for monuments of Roman fame.

*Tib.* How will Heav'n's vaults with acclamations  
ring,

When these commands we to the army bring ?

*Mal.* For this my Arabs have impatient been.

*Ant.* No less have all my slaves of Comagene.

*Tit.* But, that this stubborn city yet may find  
How much to clemency I am inclin'd,  
Through all my army proclamation make,  
That all who to my mercy will betake,  
I'll gladly as my best of friends regard,  
And not alone will pardon, but reward ;  
But no compassion shall prevail for them,  
Who this my proffer'd mercy dare contemn.

*Tib.* Severity to some would thousands save ;  
And, sir, your legions troops of captives have ;  
If Cæsar please, ere we the fight begin,

We will, for terror to the slaves within,  
 The rebel captives, ta'ne in heat of fight,  
 Fix on high crosses in their brethren's sight :  
 The horrid spectacle will batter down  
 Their souls, as fast as engines do the town.

*Tib.* Straight let the orders through my camp be  
 spread !

[*Tib. whispers a Cent., who goes out.*

*Mal.* I mighty Cæsar's pleasure at the head  
 Of all my troops will wait—— [Exit.

*Ant.* And I at mine ;  
 My squadrons soon shall be prepar'd to join. [Exit.

*A Shout.*

*Tib.* Hark ! from the camp glad shouts invade  
 the air,

The news are spread, and all with joy prepare.  
 Like fiery steeds they bound, and beat the plains,  
 And loudly neigh to feel the slack'ned reins.

*Rattling of chains, and a loud cry, as of many  
 prisoners within calling for mercy.*

*Tib.* The condemn'd captives now are led to die,  
 And vainly to your guards for mercy cry.

*Tib.* These wretches' sorrows move me ; none  
 before

From me did mercy undenied implore.

*Tib.* Now ere our legions towards the city move,  
 [Aside.

I must assault awhile my general's love,  
 To rouse his soul must be my speedy care ;  
 To a bright heaven he shortly will repair,  
 Where his fair Queen will no admission find.  
 Already I have stir'd his noble mind ;  
 But I'm afraid again he's fal'n asleep,  
 And the sweet dream his soul does pris'ner keep ;

I must no longer the alarm delay,  
For the whole empire for his waking stay.

*Tit.* Now to my friend Tiberias I'll impart

[*Aside.*

The strange decree of my revolting heart.  
The victory, it o'er that fire does gain,  
He, and all Rome so long oppos'd in vain.

*Tib.* Now, sir, one word !——

*Tit.* Ah ! friend ! thy thoughts I guess,  
Against my love thou something would'st express.

*Tib.* The time is drawing near !——

*Tit.* Oh ! how I grieve !

Must I the joys of love for Empire leave ?

*Tib.* My boldness, Cæsar, punish or forgive,  
Your beloved passion must no longer live.  
You know Rome waits but till this siege be done,  
To place your partner in your father's throne.  
The Empire will not for his setting stay,  
She'll have no twilight, but perpetual day :  
But certain laws each step to glory guard,  
As e'er in th' upper world for the reward  
Of your great deeds a godhead you receive,  
You first by nature's law this world must leave ;  
So by the laws of Rome, ere you remove  
To pow'r and empire, you must die to love.  
I mean this love, which you descend to place  
On a crown'd head, and one of foreign race.  
For to be plain, Rome never will admit  
A Queen on her imperial throne should sit ;  
'Less that her laws you should with one out-brave,  
Who wears her chains, and is her Royal slave.  
On Cæsar's noble nature I presume ;  
But I must venture whatsoe'er's my doom.  
None vainly will deceive a dying friend ;  
You to new worlds of glory now ascend,  
And sir, it is my duty to declare  
You are for Heaven, and bid you straight prepare.



*Tit.* Thy counsels all from perfect friendship  
flow :

Too well the Roman laws and pride I know.

Oh ! gods ! what charming love must I forsake ?

*Tib.* Of that, great sir, there's none dispute will  
make.

*Tit.* Ah ! friend ! more charming than thou  
canst believe,

Or raise imagination to conceive.

Like frozen climates thou my son may'st see,

But what I feel is mystery to thee.

She ne'er unveils her beauty to my sight,

But my soul's lost in mazes of delight !

My thirsty eyes drink in a secret fire,

I feel a joy no repetitions tire.

Her charms each day with fresh delight I view,

And still discover in 'em something new.

*Tib.* What must be done, sir, will you then  
proceed ?

*Tit.* Ah ! who can soon from such a love be  
freed ?

Yet, friend, to shew my glory I'll complete,

That nothing for my courage is too great.

Against this love which is to me so dear,

From my own mouth this wondrous sentence hear :

Know then, the hour I all my hopes can crown,

Now Heav'n rains on me all wish'd blessings down ;

Now smiling fate makes garlands for my soul,

And spreads a mighty bed for love to roll ;

To the fair Queen I go, strange news to bear !

I go—oh ! heavens !—I go—now to declare——

*Tib.* What sir ?

*Tit.* What thou would'st ne'er believe before,

That we must never see each other more.

*Tib.* Amazing news !

*Tit.* Tiberias, 'tis decreed !

My heart does for the Queen's misfortunes bleed ;

I fear of fatal consequence 'twill prove !  
 But nothing can my resolutions move.  
 Seven days my lab'ring soul in pain has been,  
 To break the fatal tidings to the Queen.  
 Sometimes in sighs I would my thoughts express,  
 And fain would have her my intentions guess.  
 But she who nobly on my faith relies,  
 Little suspects whence the false sighs arise.  
 Sure of my heart, and lavish of her own,  
 Mistakes th' intention of my secret moan.  
 Pities my sorrows, and more charming grows,  
 And all my courage wholly overthrows.  
 But now, I've all my constancy alarm'd,  
 My soul is fix'd, and I am wholly arm'd.

*Tib.* Oh ! wondrous conquest ! now your glorious name,  
 And mighty deeds shall fill the mouth of fame.  
 You barb'rous nations did subdue before,  
 But now yourself those nations' conqueror ;  
 Though some rude fears into our minds would  
 press,  
 Yet, sir, from you we did expect no less.

*Tit.* Oh ! we with specious names ourselves  
 deceive,  
 And solid joys for empty titles leave.  
 Oh, gods ! what pleasures now do I forsake ?  
 I'll think no more, my constancy will shake.  
 You flatt'ring dreams of love begone from hence !  
 I'll do't, and ne'er regard the consequence.

*Trumpets, and enter an officer.*

*Off.* Great sir, the Queen is lighted at the tent.

*Tit.* Ah ! friend !

*Tib.* How sir ? so soon your courage spent ?  
 Desert the field ere you the fight begin ?  
 Now is the time——

*Tit.* No more !——Conduct her in !

*Enter BERENICE, SEMANDRA.*

*Ber.* My Lord in health ! now I am eas'd of pain,  
And my mind's quiet is return'd again.  
A foolish dream tormented me to-night ;  
What, matters not, now I have you in sight.  
But ha ! I in your looks a sadness spy ;  
You only to my words with sighs reply.  
Must all your thoughts to fame devoted be :  
Can you afford no room in 'em for me ?  
If present thus you banish me your mind,  
My image sure does cold acceptance find  
In your retiring heart, when I am gone,  
And left it quite to your dispose alone.

*Tit.* Ah, madam ! all the gods can witness bear,  
Queen Berenice is always present there.  
No time, nor absence ever shall deface  
That image love once in my heart did place.

*Ber.* Why, sir, do you invoke the gods for this :  
Does Titus need a friend to Berenice ?  
All they can witness will superfluous be ;  
Titus is Heav'n, and all the gods to me.

*Tit.* Ye gods ! how dearly must I Empire buy ?  
[*Aside.*

You keep the rates of glory up too high,  
And too severe a task of me require,  
Who no delight but Berenice desire.

*Tib.* Cæsar is lost ! What charms does she display ?  
[*Aside.*

Stifled in sweets his courage faints away.

*Ber.* Ah, sir ! your eyes do you from me withdraw,

As if some ill displeasing thing you saw.  
Alas ! permit me to relate my fears :  
Methinks of late a change in you appears ;  
These seven days I have not gain'd a word,  
Your alter'd looks did not one smile afford.

Alas ! to doubt your love I do not dare,  
 And yet I cannot from some fear forbear ;  
 These omens must forbode some ill I'm sure.  
 My fate has been too happy to endure.  
 Say then, whence springs this trouble ? if from  
 me,

Tell me, and I will die to set you free ;  
 For all is done, that I was born to do,  
 If I can add no more delight to you :  
 For you are all ——

*Tit.* Madam, no more ! no more !  
 On me too liberally you favours pour ;  
 For on a most ungrateful man they fall.

*Ber.* Ah, sir ! do you yourself ungrateful call ?  
 Perhaps you weary of my kindness grow,  
 That never was a trouble thought till now.  
 I have liv'd long enough, if that be true ;  
 For all the joy I take in life, is you.

*Tit.* My sorrow, madam, since I must reveal,——  
 My heart did never greater passion feel.——  
 But——

*Ber.* Finish, sir ! ——

*Tit.* Alas ! ——

*Ber.* Speak, speak my doom ! ——

*Tit.* Some god assist me now —— the Empire  
 Rome ——

Sound to th' assault, I'll to my squadrons straight,  
 My soul's opprest. I can no more relate. *Exit.*

*Goes on the sudden with TIB.*

*Ber.* Dear Heav'n ! what should this mystery  
 contain ?

*Sem.* Nothing but Heav'n the riddle can explain.  
 You have done nothing might his anger move ?

*Ber.* Except he takes offence at too much love.

*Sem.* I wish ill news from Rome has not possess'd,  
 With some unpleasing thoughts, his troubled breast.

You know the hate she bears your rank and you,  
And now if he ——

*Ber.* Alas ! if that were true ! ——  
But, oh ! he never can so civil prove !  
A thousand times he has assur'd his love  
Should to no haughty laws of Rome submit,  
And ere his love he would the Empire quit.  
And now, that I esteem my danger past,  
He will not sure undo me at the last ?  
No Titus' soul must needs be generous still,  
And mine as brave must think of him no ill.  
Whate'er it is, I'm unconcern'd to know,  
Whilst I have him, let thrones and Empires go !  
Their loss I would not with one tear redeem,  
I have the Empire of the world in him. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

SCENE—THE PALACE IN JERUSALEM.

*Enter* MATTHIAS, SAGAN, PHINEAS.

*Phin.* How long will Heav'n his needful aid delay ?  
With various plagues our nation pines away :  
Besieg'd without by all the power of Rome,  
Famish'd within, and no relief does come.  
Our prayers on daily embassies we send,  
But Heav'n no angel volunteers will lend ;  
He locks his mercy up in towers of brass,  
Nor lets our prayers on their embassy pass.

*Sag.* Rome's batt'ring rams have more effect than  
ours,  
Her engines daily overset our towers ;  
But our strong cries, though ne'er so loud we call,  
Cannot so much as shake Heaven's crystal wall.

*Mat.* I cannot dive into the mystic sense ;  
But Heaven his presence has withdrawn from  
hence :

He none of all his wonted ways replies,  
By angels' visions, dreams, or prophesies ;  
From his own Temple he has tane his flight,  
And given it to owls and birds of night.

*Phin.* A reason sure no mortal thought can frame,  
But Heaven at us does all his arrows aim.  
We know not where to make our chief defence,  
'Gainst famine, traitors, Rome, or pestilence :  
If from the Roman fury to preserve  
Ourselves we fight, we only fight to starve :  
If by dear purchas'd food we life maintain,  
We fight to eat, and eat to fight again.

*Sag.* These are luxurious things you now relate ;  
The plenty's lust of that once happy State.  
We must no more on the rich meadows stray,  
Nor dine with Cæsar's horses every day.  
Titus not only a poor famished crew  
Imprisons, but their walls and bulwarks too.  
A wondrous proof of Roman greatness shewn,  
A mighty wall surrounding all the town,  
Built in three days ; that now we pounded are,  
Penn'd in with monsters, famine, and despair.  
For Roman sport, like gladiators here,  
We fight, as in an amphitheatre.  
They laugh to see us by each other fall,  
And shut in famine to devour us all.

*Mat.* And from that monster we small mercy find,  
Our crowds are all to fleeting shadows pined ;  
They walk about like spectres of the night,  
Famish'd to shapes, would even ghosts afright :  
Paler than ghosts the starving people lye,  
And rather seem to vanish than to die.  
No tears for friends or kindred now are shed,  
The living look with envy on the dead,

Who, freed from hunger's rigorous demands,  
Have flung their tenements on Nature's hands.

*Phin.* And, lest devouring famine should be  
cloy'd,

And we not fast or soon enough destroy'd,  
What little orts the monster can afford  
Are by the bloody rebels' swords devour'd.

*Sag.* And lest the Parthian King our nation save,  
That we from ruin no defence may have,  
That spreading tree, under whose boughs we sate,  
And shelter found in all the storms of fate,  
Blasted by love, now withers every day,  
And with him all our comfort pines away.

*Phin.* Yes, at Clarona's feet, 'tis said, he lyes ;  
Who saves the father, by the daughter dies.

*Sag.* It will dishonour on religion draw ;  
'Tis true, we are forbidden by the law  
To match with strangers to our faith and blood,  
But we are more forbid ingratitude.

*Mat.* Your sentiments I do not disapprove ;  
My daughter has my leave to shew him love,  
In hopes to win him by enticing charms,  
To divine pleasures in religion's arms,  
And to reward his soul with heavenly joy,  
That crown, nor Rome, nor rebels can destroy.

*Phin.* Why our own safety do we thus neglect ?  
And only fight base rebels to protect.  
We bawd for them, whilst they their lusts procure  
We from Heaven's officers defend the door.  
Vespasian is the scourge of wrath divine ;  
Let us these rebels to the rod resign.

*Mat.* I dare not do it, they will then resume  
Their ancient cries ; conspiracies with Rome !  
With shews of truth they will their charge  
maintain,  
And I shall help 'em my renown to stain.

[*Cries without.*]

Heark ! they have now begun their morning's chace,

*Sug.* This palace borders near the holy place,  
And thence the winds these doleful noises bear.

*Mat.* Some by the rebels now are tortured there.

*Phin.* Since those foul spirits did the Temple  
haunt

Our ears did ne'er these entertainments want.

*Mat.* Our altars they possess, our laws condemn ;  
Let us atone our sins with blood of them.

[*Ex. om.*

*The Scene changes to the Temple.*

*Enter JOHN, ELEAZAR, PHARISEES, driving several  
over the Stage.*

1 *Pha.* Oh ! bloody hypocrites !

*Joh.* Scourge ! scourge 'em well !

See if th' idolators no food conceal.

*Enter a PHARISEE, followed by a Woman.*

1 *Pha.* A woman in the act of eating ta'ne !

*Wom.* Thou greedy thief restore my bread again !  
I three days' hunger for this morsel bore,  
Denied myself, and ran on nature's score ;  
And thou depriv'st me of this poor retreat,  
Thou savage cannibal my life dost eat.

*Joh.* Thou griev'st thyself and us with vain  
complaints,

We must not sinners feed with bread of saints.

Now move our plot, but so as none may know,

[*Whispers a Pharisee.*

Or guess, you shoot my arrows from your bow.

Some vision feign, for, with a vulgar head,

Visions like pictures serve in reason's stead.

2 *Pha.* Enough !—— [ *Whispers to John.*

Now brethren to our great affairs.——

Oh ! John, how long wilt thou deny our prayers ?



Seest thou not how the nation headless lies ;  
 The priest depos'd by his impieties,  
 The sacred flock without a shepherd stray  
 Through thorns and brakes, and made to wolves a  
 prey ;

Whilst thou canst all their sufferings behold,  
 And wilt not drive them safe into a fold ?

*Joh.* How precious is to me the tenderest moan  
 Of suffering saints, I oft and long have shewn.  
 I have lamented long to see a vile  
 And impious man the diadem defile,  
 With names of good and loyal gild his train,  
 And saints with the reproach of rebels stain ;  
 Deluding tender minds, who do not see,  
 Not mitres make a priest, but sanctity :  
 But, sirs, I would not have the burden fall  
 On me, the weakest, meanest of you all.

2 *Pha.* We have consulted, wept, and pray'd,  
 and find

Our souls borne to thee by a pow'rful wind,  
 That blows from Heaven, and against that gale  
 No human wisdom must pretend to sail.

*Joh.* Alas ! No holy man a mitre wants,  
 For we are all high priests as we are saints.

2 *Pha.* But since some weak ones know not their  
 own right,

And 'gainst religion for a mitre fight ;  
 For sake of tender minds 'twere fit we join  
 Internal saintship with external sign.

*Elea.* Sirs, shall we not this way the law offend ?  
 This office must to Aaron's sons descend.

*Joh.* Think you, dear brother, carnal sons are  
 meant ?

No, but his sons by heavenly descent.  
 But yet suppose the literal sense were good,  
 Power, Heav'n's crown land, is but at will be-  
 stow'd ;

And, when 'tis forfeited by wicked men,  
Returns to saints the royal blood again.  
I do not speak that such a weight should fall  
On me, the weakest, meanest of you all.

2 *Pha.* Dost thou oppose us still? Then hear, and  
fear;

A vision did last night to me appear!  
Putting a priestly mitre in my hand,

[*Takes a mitre.*]

Crown John with it, said he, at my command,  
If he rejects it, or beneath it faints,  
Let him reject, too, the reward of saints.  
Now, if you dare, the vision disobey!

*Joh.* But did the vision "John" distinctly say?

2 *Pha.* With a loud voice it "John" did thrice  
proclaim,

As if it fear'd I should forget the name.

*Joh.* It must some secret mystery contain;  
For dreams and visions never do speak plain:  
Some of you holy ones by "John" are meant.

2 *Pha.* You are "the John" to whom the mitre's  
sent.

*Joh.* Brethren! indeed you value me too high.

2 *Pha.* Obedience to the vision's voice deny?

*Elea.* Perhaps the literal sense some doubts has  
bred,

I'll be the mystic John then in his stead,  
And with the holy burden will rejoice.

[*Eleazar puts on a mitre.*]

*John takes the mitre from Eleazar's head.*

*Joh.* I sin, I sin! I will obey the voice.  
Brethren! I thank you all, for though I know  
The sacred burden, under which I bow,  
Cannot by flesh and blood be undergone,  
Yet you your high esteem of me have shewn.  
With cheerful wine now fill the holy bowls,  
And with religious joy refresh our souls.

All creatures for delight of saints are made,  
 And wicked men do but our rights invade.  
 If one of us a sinner's bread devours,  
 He wrongs him not, for all the world is ours.  
 The banquet spread, and let the music play !  
 Thus, saints, is all your coronation day.  
 I'm but the humblest servant of you all,  
 To you the ease, to me the burdens fall.  
 My priestly blessing in this bowl I give ;  
 May traitors perish, and the brethren live !  
 For ever live, for ever love maintain !

1 *Pha.* With swelling hearts and bowls we wish.

*All.* Amen ! *[All drink.]*

*Joh.* Once more I wish, for ever love maintain !

2 *Pha.* Once more we say, Amen !——

3 *Pha.* Amen !

*All.* Amen ! *[All drink.]*

*Joh.* Now the Apostate I condemn to die,  
 Who has so long defiled this dignity.  
 By my own hand that victim shall be slain,  
 And with his blood I'll bless my following reign :  
 True, if the soul of any private saint  
 Does after such a glorious action pant,  
 Then by his valour let the traitor bleed,  
 I'll humbly yield to him the gracious deed. *[Exit.]*

*Scene—THE PALACE.*

*Enter CLARONA, followed by PHRAARTES.*

*Phra.* In vain you fly ! to death I will pursue !  
 I've always been accustom'd to subdue.  
 Indeed, by villains, fortune, and by Rome  
 I've been betray'd, but ne'er was overcome.  
 Here I have brought my war, nor will be gone,  
 Till every province of you be my own.

*Clar.* Little knows he his love's too great success,  
 And my now vanquish'd heart's more great distress.

*Phra.* See ! if she will bestow on me a look,  
What soul is able such disdain to brook ?  
Malicious chance ! that ever I came here !  
I stopt my glory in its full career,  
There had not now in the whole world remain'd,  
A throne unconquer'd, or a King unchain'd !  
But all that glory in this fatal place  
I have consum'd before one beauteous face.

*Clar.* Did I entreat you, sir, so long to stay,  
And for my sake your great designs delay ?

*Phr.* I know you scorn my love and valour both !  
The safety I bestow on you, you loath :  
You daily like the morn in blushes rise,  
Because you live by one you do despise.

*Clar.* All this with patience I can hear from you.

*Phr.* You can hear any thing you should not do ;  
But you are deaf to all the loudest sounds  
Of all my services, of all my wounds ;  
Though camp and city both do silence break,  
And there the dead, and here the living, speak,  
All to your hearing cannot force a way.

*Clar.* I still can bear.

*Phr.* And still slight all I say.  
Why with such scorn do you my love deny ?  
Shew me the man on earth more great than I,  
And let that man the happy lover be.

*Clar.* Greatness not valued is at all by me.

*Phr.* What do you value ?

*Clar.* Nothing in this vain  
And wretched world——

*Phr.* Would I were out on't then !

*Clar.* Where is the heart such kindness would  
not move ?

Who can resist such merit and such love ? [*Weeps.*

*Phr.* How ! do you weep ? Nay, then, I have  
done ill !——

Thus humbly I for pardon to you kneel ! [*Kneels.*

Let not my rage a trouble to you prove,  
 I do confess I am unfit to love.  
 Love has too violent effect, I find,  
 On my too rash and most unruly mind.

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

The trumpet calls !—farewell, too lovely maid !  
 To reach thy heavenly beauties I have stray'd ;  
 Like the mistaken fool, who wanders round  
 To find the place where heaven does touch the  
 ground.

Whilst thou continuest still, far, far above  
 Tallest deserts, and most aspiring love.  
 Who highest climb, but reach thee with their eye,  
 No more then those who in the valleys lie.

[*Offers to go.*]

*Clar.* Oh ! stay !

*Phr.* That charming voice did I not hear ?  
 Or did my thoughts deceive my credulous ear ?

*Clar.* Stay yet a moment with me !

*Phr.* Stay with you ?

That I to all eternity could do.

*Clar.* Sit down a while, for I have much to say.

*Phr.* Such kind commands how gladly I obey.

*Clar.* Did I e'er think that any should subdue

[*Aside.*]

My heart to love, and to confess it too ?  
 Oh heaven ! that thou so kind to me hadst been  
 That I had never King Phraartes seen.

*Phr.* Is it for this that I must tarry here ?

*Clar.* You may have patience, sir, till more  
 appear.

Oh, had I never King Phraartes seen,  
 My life had been all happy and serene !  
 I had not known what shame or guilt had meant,  
 Nor had a thought of which I might repent.

*Phr.* Have I transplanted any of those foul  
 And thorny weeds out of my desert soul

Into your breast ? let 'em not there remain,  
Return 'em to their native soil again.

*Clar.* You have a plant, I thought no more could  
grow

In my cold breast than roses in the snow :  
A plant whose name I did abhor before,  
Nor dare I name it lest I speak no more.

*Phr.* What artist can my trembling doubts  
remove ?

Oh, that I durst suppose it to be love !  
I'd give my crown I could my thoughts beguile  
But with those dawning glimmering hopes a while.

*Clar.* What unknown fates are kept for us above,  
That I should own to any one I love ?

*Phr.* What vast oppression of delight is this ?  
Hold ! for I bow beneath the weight of bliss.

*Clar.* Alas ! I think indeed you alter'd grow,  
And blood out of your wounds begins to flow.

*Phr.* Let it flow on !—— But did you say you  
love ?

*Clar.* Suppress this passion, it may hurtful prove.  
Lean on my bosom whilst your wounds I bind.

*Phr.* Oh ! joy ! oh sweetness ! oh my ravish'd  
mind !

I cannot speak the half that I would say ;  
And heark ! the trumpet calls me now away.

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

*Clar.* Peace, murd'ring sound ! thou shalt not  
be obey'd ;

You shall not stir, the bleeding is not stay'd :  
Do not go from me. ——

*Phr.* Do not go from you ?

If, by each blow I gave, a King I slew,  
For all their crowns I wou'd not stir from hence ;  
But I must fight, my love, in your defence.

*Clar.* Can I be safe, and you in danger thrown ?  
Preserve my life in saving of your own :

Refresh yourself a while with gentle ease,  
 And I'll oppose our cruel enemies,  
 If need require. I'm of a nation bred,  
 Whose softer sex has oft our armies led,  
 Our country sav'd, and singly have prevail'd,  
 When all the courage of our men have fail'd.

*Phr.* Sweetest of creatures ! if there angels be,  
 What angel is not wishing to be thee ?  
 Our State not yet so very desp'rate grows,  
 That we should throw our jewels at our foes.  
 Love is thy field ; for those delightful harms  
 Thou art all over thee prepar'd with arms :  
 Shoot all thy arrows in one melting kiss,  
 And wound me, wound me to the death with bliss !

[*Kisses her cheek.*]

Our vows are seal'd, and I a god am crown'd !

*Clar.* In a red sea of blushes I am drown'd.

*Phr.* Torrent of sweetness ! pour on me again  
 Thy overwhelming pleasures ! ——

*Clar.* Oh refrain ! ——

*Phr.* I cannot ! cannot !

*Clar.* Now you must no more ; ——

When Heav'n my country's freedom shall restore,  
 And fill the land with joy, it may be then  
 You shall not be the only wretched man.

*Phr.* That word alarm does to my courage  
 sound !

Another soul does in my breast rebound.  
 Above a man I shall this moment fight,  
 And will be blest above a god to-night :  
 For yet ere night no foe alive shall be,  
 To interpose betwixt my joys and me.  
 But one kind look, and I to arms repair.

*Clar.* Take it ! and with it my devoutest prayer  
 To Heav'n to guard you. ——

*Phr.* Oh how am I blest !

*Clar.* Much less than I am !—Pray, at my request

Be careful of yourself.—

*Phr.* That I shall be,  
'Cause love has made me now a part of thee.  
I leave with thee for pledge my soul, my heart.

*Clar.* Good angels guide you !—— [*Exit.*]

*Phr.* Thou my angel art.  
She's mine ; and now the gods she did adore,  
And heav'nly thoughts shall never haunt her more.  
[*Exit.*]

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### ACT III.

*Scene*—THE ROMAN TENTS.

*Enter* BERENICE and SEMANDRA.

*Ber.* Oh heavens ! not see me, nor approach me  
once ?

All love, all pity, all respect renounce ?  
Amazing change in him this does express ;  
Something has ruin'd all my happiness.

*Sem.* Oh judge not so severely of your fate !

*Ber.* It is too true : What less than bitter  
hate

Cou'd make him thus disorder'd from me run,  
Nay, seek occasions Berenice to shun ?  
I have but once beheld him all this day,  
And then he turn'd his eyes from me away,  
Wou'd not with one, my many smiles requite ;  
I was so far from yielding him delight,  
That he wou'd look on any thing but me,  
I was the hateful'st object he could see.

*Sem.* The sight appear'd to me exceeding strange,  
I wonder what it is has wrought this change ;  
I cannot think it from unkindness flows,  
I rather fear from Rome some tempest blows :  
Or from the camp new threat'ning clouds arise ;  
I see the army's daily mutinies



Against his love ;— and may I not believe  
He grieves lest these your noble mind should  
grieve ?

*Ber.* Does he so meanly of my heart esteem ?  
Is it a trouble to endure for him ?

*Sem.* What, though it may afford delight to you,  
Shou'd he be pleas'd you suffer for him too ?  
May not the best of men afflicted prove  
She shou'd be troubled whom he best does love ?  
No doubt to crown you Empress he aspires,  
And finds Rome will not bow to his desires :  
Is it unnatural a gen'rous mind  
Shou'd grieve to be from gen'rous acts confin'd ?  
That he in spite of him ignoble proves,  
And cannot act as bravely as he loves ?

*Ber.* Thy fond defence does but accuse him more,  
As if Rome durst oppose her Emperor.  
Do not I know her Emperors to please,  
She both her laws and gods will sacrifice ?  
But what though she denies her mighty throne ?  
His passion sure entirely is his own :  
No laws did ever yet to love forbid,  
And having him, can I an Empire need ?  
Who want a throne that they may happy prove  
Have hearts too great, or else too little love.  
By none but Cæsar I can be undone,  
And I will be appeas'd by him or none. —  
But, ha ! a shout !

*Sem.* It shou'd a triumph be,  
It sounds like the glad voice of victory.

*Ber.* Enquire the cause, and ease me of my fear,  
I'm on the wrack till I the tidings hear.

*Sem.* goes out, and immediately re-enters.

*Sem.* Madam, it is a triumph as we thought,  
The army have a glorious vict'ry got,  
Not o'er the rebels, but their general's mind ;

Your lord it seems this fatal morn design'd  
 To head his squadrons, and expose in fight  
 Himself, the world's both glory and delight.  
 A thought his loyal legions could not bear ;  
 His resolution by the earnest prayer  
 Of all his Kings and captains is subdu'd,  
 And now the glad victorious multitude,  
 With joys triumphant make the echoes ring,  
 Whilst their great captive to his tent they bring.

*Ber.* To the whole world he wou'd have injury  
 done,

All have a right in him as in the sun ;  
 Heav'n one so brave for common good does  
 frame :—

I once an int'rest in him too might claim,

But that I fear is lost——

[*Weeps.*

I'll run to him, my thoughts he shall set free,

I cannot live in this uncertainty ;

'Tis worse than death his kindness to suspect,

Or live one moment under his neglect. [*Ex.*

*Enter* TITUS, TIBERIAS, MALCHUS, ANTIOCHUS.

*Tit.* The humble prayers your loyalties have  
 made,

My resolution with success invade ;

Go and discharge my legions on the town !

Each moment now is laden with renown.

The gods and I will faithfully take care

The living and the dead rewards shall share.

We'll laurels place on each victorious head,

I'll crown the living, and the gods the dead.—

Are th' engines mounted ?

*Tib.* All upon the wheel.

*Ant.* The tow'rs already seem with fear to reel.

*Mal.* To th' inner wall we now have near access ;

The City's stately robes, and upper dress

Of suburbs burnt, she, now no longer bold,

With some few rags stands shivering in the cold.

*Tit.* How do these men compel me to deface  
The charming beauty of this goodly place?

*Tib.* And that the obstinate and rebel Jews  
May hope no more your mercy to abuse,  
We on the plain have drawn before their eyes  
A lively scheme to shew their destinies :  
They need not vex the stars, or trouble art,  
The hills and valleys can their fates impart ;  
The vocal forest is transplanted there,  
From groaning trees they oracles may hear ;  
The hills are shaded with a horrid wood,  
And valleys fill'd with vineyards weeping blood,  
Crucified bodies cover all the plain :  
Let 'em view them and obstinate remain.

*Tit.* These men distort my nature, wrest my  
mind,

And torture me lest they shou'd mercy find.

[*Titus talks to Tib.*

*Enter BERENICE, SEMANDRA.*

*Malchus, Antiochus, gaze on Berenice.*

*Mal.* The Queen ! with beauty let me fill my sight.  
And take before hand the reward of fight :

My sword in Cæsar's service I employ  
But to see her, whose love he does enjoy.

*Ant.* The fair young Queen ! with beauty I'm  
opprest !

Oh Cæsar ! Cæsar ! for a man too blest !  
The gods more happiness on thee bestow,  
Than they themselves are capable to know.

[*Tib., Mal., Ant. Ex.*

*Titus sees the Queen, and starts.*

*Tit.* The Queen ! I at the sight of her grow chill,  
Like one in view of him he means to kill.

*Ber.* May I of Cæsar crave without offence,

The favour of a moment's conference ?

*Tit.* Is it the Queen says this ! Is she to know  
That all things here allegiance to her owe,  
And that she no way can oblige me more,  
Then in commanding what she does implore ?

*Ber.* I never shall survive the happy day,  
When I on Cæsar obligations lay ;  
Since so much glory were too great to bear :  
I have already had too great a share  
Of pleasures, in the sole belief that I  
Could contribute to his felicity.

*Tit.* Shou'd the fair Queen the moment not out-  
live,

In which her love to me does pleasure give,  
How often must that beauteous Princess die ?  
Since all my thoughts I on her love employ,  
And ev'ry thought affords my soul delight.  
But oh ! my injur'd passion I must right.  
Was all my love not real, but deceit ?  
And did you but believe my kindness great ?

*Ber.* Far be all ill suspicions from my breast ;  
I should my self, and justly too, detest,  
If a mean thought of Cæsar e'er should find  
Any the least reception in my mind.  
All his past love I do not, dare not wrong,  
But I the glory have enjoy'd too long :  
Cæsar is pleas'd to let it now decline,  
Which I impute to some offence of mine ;  
For he can think no thought but what is brave,  
No ! I some great offence committed have,  
But what is wholly to my soul unknown ;  
If I might know it, I my crime wou'd own.

*Tit.* To what do these unkind expressions tend ?  
You make me think indeed you can offend,  
Since you to these suspicions can be wrought.

*Ber.* I do not, sir, accuse you of a fault ;  
Cæsar can err in nothing he can do,

So great a glory never was my due,  
 Much less when I have something done or said,  
 Which all my right has justly forfeited.

*Tit.* Now truth assist me ! this unkind debate  
 Argues not mine, but your own cruel hate ;  
 You sure incline to what you fain wou'd prove,  
 And have a mind I should no longer love.  
 This is too hard, too painful to be borne,  
 I swear, as I a thousand times have sworn,  
 But that the day the sight of you does shew,  
 I care not if the sun wou'd shine or no ;  
 That all the joy that does by life accrue,  
 Is but to love, and be belov'd by you.

*Ber.* My lord's displeasure I too justly bear,  
 That I to doubt his constancy shou'd dare ;  
 But he may pardon me, when he does know  
 All my suspicions from my kindness flow.  
 I trouble have on Cæsar's brow espied,  
 And he his thoughts and person too does hide.  
 My tender heart with sorrow pines away,  
 If I behold my lord but once a day :  
 And I much less can his retir'dness bear,  
 And not his grief, as well as kindness share.

*Tit.* Oh ! how with love she overwhelms my  
 heart !

After such love I never can impart  
 A secret, that to you may trouble prove ;  
 To me be all the grief, to you, the love.  
 Oh Rome ! oh glory ! oh renown ! which way  
 Will you the loss of so much love repay ? [*Ec.*

*Ber.* Again in secret sorrow from me part ?  
 Oh my distraction ! oh my tortur'd heart !  
 What can the sense of these disorders be ?

*Sem.* I must confess they are too dark for me.

*Ber.* Fate to our mutual love no good designs.  
 Whatever he pretends, his heart declines :  
 Love treats not thus the person that's belov'd,

Common compassion wou'd have kinder prov'd.

*Sem.* My counsel can afford but small relief,  
But do not too much listen to your grief.

*An alarm ; Enter a CENTURION followed by  
ROMANS.*

*Sem.* Soldier, the news ?

*Cent.* The Parthian King is here !  
That name's enough to shew what danger's near.  
I cannot talk, there's bus'ness to be done. [*Ex.*

*Ber.* My Lord in danger ?

*Sem.* Whither do you run ?

*Ber.* To die with him !

*Sem.* Oh, fear not ! Heav'n will save,  
Were all his legions slain, a man so brave.

*An alarm ; the CENTURION returns with  
MONOBAZUS.*

*Ber.* Centurion, the success relate with speed !

*Cent.* My Lord is from the Parthian monarch  
freed

By this brave stranger's aid, who to defend  
His glorious enemy, oppos'd his friend.

*Ber.* Prince ! my resentments I want words to  
tell,

This deed does all past services excel :  
Sure you have some command from my good fate,  
My friends and me with diligence to wait.

All your deserts I will to Cæsar own,  
And for reward procure some vacant crown,  
If I have int'rest still ; but I'm afraid

I rather need an intercessor's aid. [*Ex.*

*Mon.* Oh, heav'ns ! what pleasing sweetness does  
she waste,

Entirely lost to my disorder'd taste.  
I little pleasure in that kindness take,  
Which she bestows but for another's sake.

Now heart ! but hold till I my passions speak,  
And then with sorrow and confusion break. [*Ex.*

*Scene, a Street.*

*Enter MATTHIAS and GUARD, pursued by JOHN, ELEAZER, and the PHARISEES ; JOHN in his Pontifical vestments.*

*John.* Seize 'em alive ! prophane and wicked men !  
[*Phar. seize Mat., &c.*

Now heav'n to justice brings you once agen ;  
And vengeance surely long enough has staid :  
Behold the desolations you have made,  
Look in the streets, and see each corner fill'd  
With carcases of saints your sins have kill'd !  
Listen to ev'ry house, and hear the groans  
Of many starving, dying holy ones,  
Who cry not, oh the famine ! oh the pest !  
But, oh th' apostates ! oh the Romish priest !  
For your idolatries in plagues we lye ;  
Yet for these sins, no doubt, you grutch to die.  
Yet you the Romans can with rage pursue ;  
Alas ! not Romans ruin us, but you.  
They're but your instruments ; your guilt affords  
Force to their arms, and edges to their swords.  
Had you good nature, you wou'd wish to die,  
To free the nation from the misery ;  
Not of the plague, the famine, or the foes,  
But of your impious selves, our greatest woes.

*Mat.* Cou'd height of impious boldness saintship  
give,  
Thou surely wert the greatest saint alive ;  
Of that vile kind of saints thy followers are,  
Thou sure art excellent without compare,  
For thou hast taken all degrees in sin ;  
Didst first in little villanies begin,  
With whisp'ring, murmurings, dissemblings, lies,  
So didst to murder and to treason rise ;

And now at length the crawling snake is grown  
 A royal basilisk and has a crown.  
 Horrid ! when we are plagu'd such various ways,  
 Is it a season to be acting plays,  
 Here, in a house of horror, death and woe,  
 To mock religion with theatric shew ?  
 And must you too the holiest things abuse,  
 For sport no subject but religion chuse ?

1 *Pha.* Sport dost thou call it ? Thou wilt find, I  
 fear,

The saints are all in serious earnest here.

2 *Pha.* And mean to stone thee ; if that be a jest,  
 Of such a fatal pleasure make thy best.

*Joh.* No, wicked man ! We act this weighty part  
 With all the saddest, deepest thoughts of heart.  
 I know I walk upon the brink of laws,  
 Near both to sin and to perdition's jaws ;  
 And had not I a strong impulse within,  
 And mighty call without, that I shou'd sin,  
 My angry conscience wou'd my soul condemn  
 In wearing of this holy diadem.

1 *Pha.* But you are sav'd from all these pious  
 fears.

*Joh.* I am anointed by the brethren's tears ;  
 Call'd by the groaning of the suffering cause,  
 And voice of Providence more loud than laws.  
 By strong impulses knocking ev'ry hour,  
 I cou'd not rest till I assum'd the power ;  
 Where'er I went, methoughts a voice wou'd cry,  
 John ! John ! take up the fallen dignity :  
 That if there any usurpation be,  
 The priesthood's guilty of usurping me.  
 I sought not pow'r, but pow'r did me invade :  
 But thou, vile man ! shouldst not the saints up-  
 braid ;

Our dangers thou shouldst rather weep to see,  
 Expos'd to things so scandalous by thee.



*Mat.* Was ever heard of impudence like this ?

*Elea.* Hale him to judgment.

*Mat.* To eternal bliss !

To an abode which blest enough wou'd be,  
From men so impious only to be free.

*Enter a PHARISEE running.*

3 *Pha.* Be gone ! be gone ! The Pagan King is  
nigh,

Return'd out of the field with victory.

*Joh.* Curse on that infidel ! the priest he'll save.

*Elea.* Why should a heathen such successes have ?

*Enter PHRAARTES and GUARD, who beat JOHN, &c.,  
off the stage ; MATHIAS pursues. After an alarm  
PHRA. and MAT. return.*

*Phr.* Why father do you thus expose your age  
To rebels' treachery, and Roman rage ?  
Can your gray-hairs by you forgotten be,  
Or does it shame you to be sav'd by me ?

*Mat.* It does ! that you should bleed for us each  
day,  
Who, sir, for you can nothing do, but pray.

*Phr.* Good man ! I am rewarded far above  
All I can merit, in your daughter's love. [*Mat Ex.*

*Several with baskets of provisions.*

There I have brought rich plunder from the crowd,  
Not to supply their treasures, but their blood :  
To their repast the hungry rabble call,  
Go scatter life, throw souls among them all !

[*Ex. with provisions. A shout. Phra. Ex.*

*Scene, a Chamber.*

*Enter CLARONA weeping, a book in her hand, sets  
her self in a chair.*

*Clar.* Oh my devotion ! I shall let thee go,  
For deadly, deadly sick with love I grow :

No sight of him but does my strength decay,  
And yet I cannot keep my eyes away.  
To these clear springs of life no more I go,  
[Looks on the book.  
'Cause they my soul's decaying beauty shew.

*Enter PHRAARTES, who starts to see her weeping.*

*Phr.* In tears ? what villany has fortune done  
To my best soul, whilst I to arms was gone ?  
What have I spy'd ? Now I the cause divine,  
I see a book, that is no friend o' mine.  
And does that trash still please your sickly mind ?  
Love has not wrought a thorough cure I find.

*Clar.* You with religion still will be severe ;  
You wou'd think much shou'd I as harsh appear  
To your friend, love.

*Phr.* Wou'd it not pity breed,  
To see thee climbing mountains for a weed ?  
Chain'd like Prometheus rather to the brow  
Of barren rocks, for ever clad in snow,  
And there religion gnawing of thee still ;  
Who wou'd not the devouring vulture kill ?

*Clar.* How poor Cymmerians to the sun unknown,  
Think ev'ry land all darkness, like their own.

*Phr.* How wretched lands with fables overflown,  
From mountains of the moon, and springs unknown,

With mud of falsehood rank their fertile earth,  
Give nothing else but priests and prophets birth.

*Clar.* When men by miracles the truth display,  
We may believe what miracles will say.

*Phr.* Workers of miracles I least believe ;  
Men love by-ways who have design to thief.

*Clar.* But it some faith in us may justly breed,  
When what they do does nature's pow'r exceed.

*Phr.* Nature's an ocean endlessly profound,  
Where line cou'd never yet discover ground :

We only see what on the surface swim,  
 And what we often see we ne'er esteem.  
 If one by chance a monster brings to shore,  
 The monster we admire, the fisher more.

*Clar.* Supposing secret skill such feats cou'd shew,  
 Can men by any art events foreknow ?  
 What eye can have a prospect of events,  
 Through a long wood of various accidents ?  
 Chance can no more shew what will come to pass,  
 Than things remote a broken optic glass.  
 Yet have our sacred prophets often here  
 Drawn maps of future things so plain and clear,  
 That after-ages have unsoil'd, untorn,  
 Found their own pictures drawn ere they were  
 born.

None cou'd display 'em but the heav'nly mind,  
 Where all th' ideas are at first design'd.

*Phr.* None knows how much may by the stars  
 be guest,  
 Or on th' imagination be imprest.  
 But you ne'er find in draughts so much ador'd,  
 More then dead colours daub'd, and features  
 scor'd,

Which with some small addition may with ease  
 Be drawn to what resemblances you please.

*Clar.* Have you of life to come no hope or fear ?

*Phr.* Why more of that, than the Platonic year ?  
 I'll never toil after a state unknown.

*Clar.* But you shou'd search for fear there shou'd  
 be one :

Prudence all ills that may be does prevent.

*Phr.* Then prudence will not lose firm continent,  
 To rove the seas in an imprudent chase  
 Of floating isles, and some enchanted place.

*Clar.* But such a place is worthy to be sought,  
 And were there none, yet Heaven's a pleasant  
 thought.

*Phr.* It may like poetry the mind employ,  
In idle intervals of active joy ;  
But I'll not all my life a dreaming lye,  
Whilst solid pleasures run neglected by :  
Whilst to uncertain cares my thoughts I give,  
Lose what I'm sure of, and forget to live.

*Clar.* Where do you think you after death shall dwell ?

*Phr.* 'Mong a rude heap of things ; where none can tell.

I had myself at no request of mine,  
And I'll as gen'rously my being resign.  
How I came by it ne'er disturbs my head,  
Nor what I shall be when I once am dead.

*Clar.* Then your brave self must you for ever lose ?

*Phr.* I wou'd not a new lease of life refuse,  
Could I the deed obtain by any art.

*Clar.* Oh Heav'ns ! methinks you should not seek to part,

Were it from me alone, so soon as death,  
And leave me wand'ring on wild nature's heath,  
When we from these poor cottages are thrown,  
Having no dwellings, and desiring none.

*Phr.* For a new life I on high rent wou'd stand,  
But I'll meanwhile enjoy my present land ;  
I will improve it till I've tir'd the clods,  
Then for new acres I wou'd thank the gods.  
But let us this fantastic talk give o'er,  
These fairy thoughts shall pinch thy soul no more ;  
Let us not think of lands remote, unknown,  
But eat the fruits and spices of our own.

*Enter PHEDRA.*

*Phed.* Parthian Commanders wait without to bring  
Tidings of great concernment to their King.

[*Ex. Phru.*

*Clar.* That Heav'n such cost on a brave mind  
 shou'd lay,  
 On no design but to be cast away !

## SONG.

Come, pious mourner, pray no more !  
 But let the gods alone ;  
 You favours endlessly implore,  
 But will be granting none :  
 Can you expect from any King  
 To gain whate'er you crave,  
 Who dare when you your offerings bring  
 Torment and wound his slave ?  
 You ask of Heav'n eternal crowns,  
 As your devotions due,  
 And yet can wound me with your frowns,  
 For asking smiles of you.

Asunder let's no longer stray,  
 But both devotions join ;  
 Let us when dead be sav'd your way,  
 But whilst we live in mine.  
 If e'er I to a soul am pin'd,  
 I gain the thing I sought ;  
 I'll be content to be all mind,  
 To act it o'er in thought.  
 Admit me to the place of bliss,  
 To love's divine abodes !  
 And we will laugh at paradise,  
 And not be saints, but gods.

*Enter PHRAARTES with some Parthian Commanders.*

*Phr.* Brave men ! for the most glorious news  
 you bring,  
 Challenge the love and friendship of your King.  
 My drooping fate is now reviv'd again ; [*To Clar.*  
 My crown's restored, and the usurper slain :

My people, weary of the villain grown,  
 Of him and Roman pride have cleans'd my throne :  
 My conquering army near the town is come,  
 And wait to guard me hence in triumph home.  
 These gallant men who have the tidings brought,  
 At the last storm to town their passage fought.  
 Now I'm in sight of love's fair promised land,  
 I see the shining of the golden sand.

*Clar.* I never shall be able to deny ;      [*Aside.*  
 That I cou'd save my innocence and die !

*Phr.* She falls ! she vanquisht falls into my arms !  
 To conquering love resigning all her charms.  
 Can any happiness compare with mine ?  
 'Tis wretched sure to be a power divine,  
 And not the joys of happy lovers know.  
 Wou'dst thou, my dearest, be an angel now ?  
 Oh, how the moments sweetly slide away !  
 But yet I must be wretched for a day.

Who waits ?—Did you not say my troops had none  
 Whose guidance they might safely trust to town ?

*Parth.* No Jewish guides cou'd any where be  
 found,

The Roman troops spread ninety furlongs round.

*Phr.* I'll sally out to-day, and be their guide ;  
 I dare in no man but myself confide.  
 These troops of mighty consequence have grown,  
 My fortunes all depend on them alone.  
 But oh ! that I could build a tower of brass,  
 Through which the force of thunder could not pass,  
 My love from danger safely to enclose ;  
 For I am fearful of each wind that blows,  
 Lest it should breathe too rudely on my dear ;  
 Then how much more shall I in absence fear  
 The cruel enemy ?—I dare not go !

*Clar.* Obliging kindness in your stay you shew :  
 But if misfortune shou'd befall your men,  
 Both wou'd in danger be of ruin then.

*Phr.* And has my danger in thy thoughts a part ?  
 Who can express the pleasures of my heart ?  
 The only place of strength within our pow'r  
 Remaining now, is Queen Mariamne's tow'r ;  
 Shall I entrust thee there till my return ?

*Clar.* There for your absence I will sadly mourn.

*Phr.* Then will you think on me ?

*Clar.* I will indeed !

*Phr.* And will you wish me back again with  
 speed ?

*Clar.* For swift return and victory I'll pray !

*Phr.* How shall I do to force myself away ?

Do not look on me lest I never go ;  
 This is the hardest work love has to do.  
 Come ! to the tow'r that must my love receive,  
 And there I'll take a momentary leave ;  
 Then like the monarch o' the winds, I'll go  
 And loose my stormy squadrons on the foe.  
 And, when the mighty vapour's spent and done,  
 The wasting Roman inundation gone,  
 And not a cloud in all the heav'ns we see,  
 I'll come a hot and pleasant calm to thee. [*Ex.*

#### ACT IV.

*Scene—The Roman Tents.*

*Enter* TITUS, MALCHUS, ANTIOCHUS, TIBERIAS.

*Tib.* Now, Sir, one more assault, and we conclude  
 The torments of the starving multitude.  
 We to our squadrons portions divide,  
 Which, like wild horses to its members tied,  
 Did rend it limb from limb, and left alone  
 A torn dismemb'red carcass of a town.

*Mal.* I did the Temple storm, the place to save  
From its own guard, as Cæsar orders gave ;  
And the live slaves, to burn my troops and me,  
Gave fire to th'entrance of their sanctuary,  
And in a moment level'd with the ground  
Solomon's Porch, and all the buildings round.

*Ant.* The town must bow to you within a day,  
For famine sweeps its dirty crowds away ;  
They who maintain it are not men but bones,  
Shadows of men and walking skeletons.  
Their looks scare death itself, nor do they need  
To fly from wounds, they have no blood to bleed.  
Their flesh, if mangled, like chopt earth appears,  
Or cloven trees, torn with the wind and years.

*Mal.* My civil fate did better treats afford,  
And with fat juicy villains fed my sword :  
That I had no great reason for complaints,  
I had a noble banquet of cramm'd saints.

*Tit.* To all the heav'nly pow'rs I dare appeal,  
If I'm in fault for what these wretches feel.

*Tib.* Except by mercy length'ning that disease,  
Which stubborn cruelty with speed wou'd ease.

*An alarm. Enter an OFFICER.*

*Tit.* The news ?

*Offic.* The guardian angel of the town,  
The Parthian King, is from its succour flown.  
He broke from thence, like thunder from a cloud,  
And tore down all that in his passage stood ;  
Thence with his followers o'er the mountains  
fled,

And all the way with slaughter'd Romans spread.

*Ant.* Then the proud city's dying pangs are past ;  
Her mighty ghost is yielded up at last !

*Mal.* The very soul of all their souls is fled.

*Tib.* Better their walls had vanish'd in his stead.  
Pursue him——



*Tit.* No! since for his life he flies,  
 Let him enjoy what with disgrace he buys.  
 Now I'll release the wretches from the rack ;  
 Prepare my legions for a new attack :  
 Their Temple save, unless the slaves appear  
 Too obstinate, and it shall cost too dear.

*Mal.* I am prepared :—but, ere the fight begin,  
 [Aside.

I must go gaze on the fair Jewish Queen.  
 I know I must not hope, but I may dare  
 To peep in Heav'n, though I must ne'er come there.  
 [Ex.

*Ant.* I must to the fair Queen before I go,  
 [Aside.

My thirsty soul does more intemp'rate grow :  
 That hot elixir I must hourly taste,  
 Which I'm assur'd will burn me at the last. [Ex.

*Tit.* Now, friend, the hour draws near when  
 wretched I,  
 The torments of departing love, must try,  
 And with one stab that fatal wound must give,  
 Of which I shall be groaning whilst I live.

*Tib.* Oh! does your mighty resolution yield?  
 I thought you had entirely gain'd the field.

*Tit.* Dost think I from my breast so soon can  
 tear

A love which has so long been growing there?  
 Throw all that heap of riches out of door  
 I hardly got, and in a trice be poor?  
 Three years I lov'd and fought, on no design  
 But at the last to make this treasure mine:  
 I have spoil'd half the world but to be seen  
 Attir'd in glories, pleasing to the Queen.  
 Nay I, who shun her love to gain a throne,  
 Desir'd the Empire for her sake alone.  
 And now I have obtain'd my wish'd success,  
 And I'm in reach of supreme happiness,

Shall I at last myself and her deceive,  
And what I sought for, what I slighted leave ?

*Tib.* Oh ! do these thoughts your soul once more  
invade ?

All this before you in the balance weigh'd ;  
With an impartial finger pois'd the scale,  
And left out nothing might for love prevail :  
But still the Roman laws, your own renown  
And glory weighed the other balance down.  
And now——

*Tit.* Her love to all things I prefer,  
What is renown or Empire without her ?

*Tib.* Grant, Sir, all charms that in her sex are  
seen,

Are lodged in her, but still she is a Queen.  
A Roman courage her great heart contains,  
But there's no Roman blood within her veins.  
And not our tyrants yet so bold have been,  
To marry with a stranger and a Queen.  
This hate to crowns is all that Rome, in chains,  
Still of her ancient liberty retains.  
Nay Roman monsters, whose supreme delight  
Was against reason, laws, and gods to fight ;  
Who Rome and nature in confusion hurl'd,  
And walked antipodes to all the world ;  
Yet they who durst both burn and plunder Rome,  
Once to invade this law durst ne'er presume.  
And Sir, shall you, the world's delight, do more  
Against our laws than monsters did before ?

*Tit.* All this too well I know, but must I lose  
My freedom ere I am at Rome's dispose ?  
It will be time enough these thoughts to have,  
When I am chosen her imperial slave ;  
Till then my heart and person both are free,  
And I am master of my destiny.

*Tib.* Ah, Sir ! against this fatal passion strive,  
And do not Rome of your brave self deprive :

Shall she lose all the glory of your reign,  
 Only to ease a love-sick lady's pain ?  
 For, Sir, were you a god and shou'd presume  
 To 'spouse a Queen, you must not govern Rome.  
 Her rank is by your army too abhor'd,  
 Who hate to see a Queen command their lord :  
 Their hourly discontents I scarce can quell,  
 They out of loyalty would fain rebel.  
 Nay, they have all resolved the very hour  
 The town is won to chuse you Emperor !  
 But lest the Queen should in your glory share,  
 They firmly have decreed to banish her.  
 And the brave rebels I declare I'll lead ;  
 If you will guard your passion, take my head,  
     *[Kneels and flings his sword at Titus' feet.]*  
 For I will ne'er endure the greatest throne,  
 And bravest man, shou'd be by love undone.

*Tit.* Oh rise ! thou truly noble spirit, rise !  
     *[Raises him.]*

I have resolv'd on this great sacrifice,  
 But do not know which way I shall begin ;  
 I cannot speak to the unhappy Queen.  
*Tib.* Release your spirit from that trifling care,  
 I'll to the Queen th'unpleasing message bear ;  
 And, as the patient's sight an artist hides,  
 When from the body he a limb divides,  
 That nature may not doubly be opprest,  
 Then with a curious hand performs the rest ;  
 So I the fatal deed will gently do,  
 And not torment you with an interview :  
 And will so mollify the parting pain,  
 That injur'd love but little shall complain.

*[Offers to go.]*  
*Tit.* Oh ! stay Tiberias ! make not so much speed,  
 I know not if I shall survive the deed ;  
 With haste I boldly rush on a design,  
 Which may at once destroy her life and mine.

But yet what must be suffer'd we in vain  
 Delay some moments, and prolong our pain.  
 Go, then ! the sad and killing tidings bear,  
 Excuse my crime, and all my grief declare ;  
 Implore her my retirement to forgive,  
 Tell her I cannot see her, go,—and live !  
 And if to reign in my ungrateful breast,  
 Her rigorous fate can sweeten in the least,  
 Tell her that I, deserted and alone,  
 Even an imperial exile in my throne,  
 To my own self more hateful than to her,  
 The name of lover to my tomb will bear ;  
 That all my life will be in sorrow spent,  
 And all my reign a glorious banishment. [Ex.

*The Scene changes to the Queen's Tent.*

*Enter BERENICE and MONOBAZUS.*

*Ber.* How, Sir, have I, under the name of friend,  
 These many months a lover entertain'd ?

*Mon.* Let it not, Madam, your displeasure move,  
 That I presume t'inform you of my love :  
 Till now in humble duty I suppress  
 The tort'ring secret till it burnt my breast.  
 My bosom better could have fire retain'd,  
 It wou'd have less my scorching vitals pain'd.

*Ber.* Suppose your passion great as you express,  
 What did encourage you to this address ?  
 Durst you once hope you entertain'd should be,  
 Or find the least encouragement from me ?

*Mon.* My passion never yet so bold has been ;  
 It were less vain to ask the gods to sin.  
 Yet were it possible for you to err,  
 Torments and death I would much rather bear,  
 Than you one moment should unhappy be,  
 And place your heart on one so low as me.

*Ber.* Good Heav'n ! then what design could you propose ?

Did you this secret for no end disclose ?

*Mon.* To ease my soul was all I did design.

*Ber.* Wou'd it had been in any breast but mine !

Now I not only must ungrateful seem,  
But all past services must crimes esteem ;  
Against my nature my just debts disown,  
Nay, I must punish you for what y'ave done.  
And oh ! good Heav'n ! what starts into my  
thought ? *[Aside.]*

I've found what has this change in Titus wrought ;  
I've been too lavish in this stranger's praise,  
That, that did this disorder in him raise.  
Sir, you have ruin'd me, have friendship shewn,  
To make my fate as wretched as your own :  
To save my life you have your sword employ'd,  
And all the comforts of that life destroy'd.  
Oblige me this once more, for goodness' sake,  
Your self with speed out of my presence take.

*Mon.* What means this storm so sudden and  
severe ? *[Aside.]*

My cruel fate pursues me everywhere.  
My name can, like a charm, uncalm the sea,  
Where'er I wander, there no peace can be.

*Ber.* Will you not please to answer my desire ?

*Mon.* But one word more, and, Madam, I retire.

*Enter SEMANDRA.*

*Sem.* Madam, the King !

*Ber.* No visitants admit,  
I'm for all conversation now unfit.

*Enter MALCHUS, followed by ANTIOCHUS.*

*Ant.* Ha ! Malchus here ?

*Mal.* Antiochus so nigh ?

*Ant.* Ha ! Prince Monobazus do I espy ?

*Mal.* What ! does the Queen that traitor entertain,  
By whom her brother was so lately slain ?

*Mon.* Oh hateful sight ! does fortune hither  
bring  
My mortal enemy th'Arabian King ?

*Ber.* They gaze as if they both this stranger  
knew.

*Mal.* Now my revenge the rebel shall pursue,  
Whose fortune oft has put me in distress ;  
Besides I'm jealous here of his success.

And dares he, Madam, in your sight appear ?

*Ber.* Oh, Sir ! his quality I fain would hear,  
For till this hour his name I never knew.

*Mal.* Prince Monobazus, who your brother slew,  
Dispers'd my troops, and wounded me in fight,  
'Cause I maintain'd his injur'd brother's right.

*Ant.* What need this great officiousness be  
shewn ?

*Mal.* You are his friend.

*Ant.* I do the title own.

*Mal.* You did not once this mighty friendship  
shew.

*Ant.* But I love valour in a friend or foe.

*Mon.* Do not for me, Sir, discompose your mind,  
I only from the King prevention find :

The guilt he makes with so much passion known,  
I now was humbly on my knee to own.

*Ber.* Oh Heavens ! and does there stand before  
my view

My brother's murderer ?

*Mon.* It is too true——  
Your brother I unfortunately kill'd.

*Ant.* You did ! but it was fairly in the field.

*Ber.* Did this ill spirit me all this while pursue.  
And did I entertain his service too ?

Now I perceive he hither did retreat,  
By subtle ways his mischiefs to complete ;

On all my brother's race to wreak his spight.  
Wherein could he offend to such a height,  
That even his life was a revenge too small,  
But I amongst your enemies must fall ?

*Mon.* All names most black and odious are my  
due,  
Excepting that of enemy to you.

*Ber.* Cease your feign'd love, for I your life will  
have !

Mine but for ends of malice you did save,  
And so am unobliged ; yours all the pleas  
Of justice craves ; Guards, on the murd'rer seize !

*Ant.* Ah, Madam !

*Mon.* Do not, Sir, a hind'rance be,  
The Queen will both oblige herself and me.

*Ber.* Yes, you shall die !—but why do I pre-  
sume

On lives of others here to pass a doom,  
When in few hours perhaps it will be shewn,  
I have not power to assure my own ?  
And see,—Tiberias from my Lord is sent !

*Enter TIBERIAS.*

I am assur'd he brings me some complaint :  
What it should be, I cannot, dare not guess ;  
If he be jealous, that does love express.  
But that slight grief were easy to disarm ;  
No, something else does his great soul alarm :  
Whate'er it is, vain fear I will repel ;  
I'm sure from Titus I've deserv'd so well,  
That I my innocence may boldly trust,  
For, if he be unkind, he is unjust.  
Tiberias, quickly thy ill news impart,  
What does sit heavy on thy Prince's heart ?  
I know the news is bad I am to hear,  
'Cause thou art chosen for the messenger.

*Tib.* Ah, Madam !——

*Ber.* Nay, I am not now to learn,  
How thou hast made my ruin thy concern ;  
Hast tamper'd with thy Prince's heart, and strove  
To sow dissensions, and to blast our love.  
But I forgive thee, since I have thereby  
The pleasure had his constancy to try.

*Tib.* Madam, what e'er I in my life have done,  
I am too much a Roman to disown ;  
That Cæsar's glory I with care have sought,  
Can never by his friends be judged a fault.  
But since my Lord did so unhappy prove,  
To have his glory contradict his love,  
That I took part with glory is most true,  
But, Madam, never out of hate to you.  
The Roman laws were made ere I was born,  
Nor bear I to your rank a native scorn ;  
I wish Rome paid crown'd heads the honour due,  
At least from all her laws exempted you.  
But since she'll not reform at my request,  
Of her proud humour let us make the best.  
Then, Madam, know, my Lord at last o'ercome  
By me, by all the army, senate, Rome,  
Knowing how much your rank incurs their hate,  
And fearing to involve you in a state  
That to you both unfortunate would prove ;  
Exceeding tender of your gen'rous love,  
And of the happiness of one so dear—  
Assur'd your courage the great shock will bear,—  
Sends to inform you 'tis the will of fate,  
You two for ever now must separate.

*Ber.* For ever sep'rate ! what does he intend ?  
Will he to Berenice this message send ?

*Ant.* Oh Heav'ns !

*Mal.* Amazement !

*Tib.* Madam, 'tis too true !  
But to his noble love I'll justice do ;



All kinds of passions in his soul arise,  
 He weeps, laments, adores, and almost dies :  
 But to what end ? his many griefs are vain,  
 Rome in her throne no Queen will entertain,  
 You two must part, and after this one day,  
 He begs no longer in the camp you'll stay.

*Ber.* Alas ! Semandra—— [*Half weeping.*

*Sem.* What I long did fear !

Madam, this sad assault with courage bear ;  
 Raise all that's great in you to your defence,  
 You'll need it in this mighty exigence.

*Mon.* Oh gods ! have I this fatal difference made ?

*Ant.* All this is falsehood, and the Queen's be-  
 tray'd.

*Mal.* Now some small pleasure in despair I  
 take. [*Aside.*

*Ber.* And can Vespasian Berenice forsake ?

Are these his oaths and vows ?

*Ant.* It cannot be ;

Tiberias, the Queen is wrong'd by thee.

*Tib.* She is not, Sir !

*Ant.* She is ! and wert thou, where

I durst presume, thy falsehood should appear.

*Mal.* Did I think that your labour I wou'd save.

*Tib.* Kings, when you please you shall occasion  
 have.

*Mon.* Ah Sir ! I beg let your contention cease ;  
 [*To Ant.*

To me the injur'd Queen's revenge release.

If, Madam, a poor malefactor may,

After his sentence be allow'd to pray,

I beg the glorious office on my knees,

And after doom me to what death you please.

*Ber.* How ! do you think my honour I'll refer

For justice to my brother's murderer ?

To his great ghost too much offence I give,

Since by your aid I am content to live.

To too much guilt already I'm betray'd ;  
 Your life shou'd now be offer'd to his shade :  
 But lest if I your guilty blood should spill,  
 The world should think I pay my debts but ill,  
 All your past deeds I with your life requite,  
 But never more appear within my sight !

*Mon.* Then to the town I will myself convey,  
 Sorrow shou'd in the shades of sorrow stay :  
 The gods have there all kinds of deaths in store,  
 Shortly I shall afflict the world no more. [*Ex.*]

*Ber.* For you who these great mysteries reveal,  
 [*To Tib.*]

I from your message to your Lord appeal ;  
 Against his faith I nothing will believe,  
 Till I this sentence from his mouth receive :  
 And, if it proves not as thy self hath said,  
 Tiberias, know, I will demand thy head !

*Tib.* Agreed !—meanwhile I will my Lord prepare  
 For your approach, and straight attend you there.  
 [*Ex.*]

*She offers to go, and is stay'd by Sem.*

*Sem.* Hold, Madam, will y' in this disorder go ?  
 Some little pains upon yourself bestow ;  
 Stay till your beauty has regain'd its grace,  
 Your hair and veil let me in order place.

*Ber.* No, no, Semandra, let thy Queen alone !  
 Titus shall quickly see what he has done ;  
 The aid of these poor trifles I despise :  
 If my too constant heart, my weeping eyes,  
 My grief !—my grief !—my death no pity gain !  
 What can these slighted ornaments obtain ?

[*Goes out weeping.*]

*Mal.* The Queen's resentment adds to my despair.  
 [*Ex.*]

*Ant.* I'll bury all my troubled thoughts in war.  
 [*Ex.*]

*Scene, — Titus, his Tent.*

*Enter TITUS and TIBERIAS.*

*Tit.* Great gods ! how I this hast'ning combat  
fear,  
My guilty soul wants courage to appear.  
Her absence once I not an hour could bear,  
Now for her sight with terror I prepare.

*Tib.* Sir, place strong guards about your heart  
one hour ;

This storm repuls'd, you are a conqueror.

*Tit.* Poor vict'ry, injur'd beauty to subdue !  
What more could an untam'd barbarian do ?

*[Sees her coming.]*

She comes ! Great genii of me and Rome,  
Help me in this one field to overcome ;  
If you regard the honour of the throne,  
Trust not my glory with myself alone.

*Ber.* So, Sir, and is your fainting passion tir'd ?  
Have you at length my parting hence desir'd ?

*Tit.* Ah, Madam ! do not a poor Prince oppress ;  
The gods who gave me all the happiness  
Of your past loves, think I too blest have been,  
And now to moderate my joys begin.  
Glory they in the room of love bestow,  
By splendid steps to ruin I must go :  
Be doom'd to Empire, to a throne confin'd,  
Have pow'r, but lose the freedom of my mind :  
Great as a god, as solitary too ;  
Ador'd, but banish'd from the sight of you :  
For, Madam, I with sorrow must declare,  
We for eternal parting must prepare.

*Ber.* Oh, cruel man ! do you these words express  
Now you have rais'd my love to such excess ?  
Did I for this permit my eyes each day,  
On you to gaze my liberty away ?

Advance my flame to an immod'rate height,  
Hating all bounds in what I took delight ?  
Stifle all thoughts that with your int'rest strove,  
And even exchange my very soul for love ?  
And will you now unjust to me become,  
For a poor servile flattery of Rome ?

*Tit.* Glory's unjust, which never can repay  
With all it gives the half it takes away.

*Ber.* Is this a time the secret to impart ?  
Why all this while have you not warn'd my  
heart ?

Can you deny that your own laws you knew ?  
Nay, did not often I object 'em too,  
And in love's pleasing way with caution tread,  
Fearing it to some precipice would lead ?  
But you with oaths entic'd me to love on ;  
I lov'd, and lov'd, till all my heart was gone.  
Why nam'd you not the haughty laws of Rome,  
When I might have return'd unwounded home,  
And been contented in as high degree  
To part with you as you do now from me ?

*Tit.* Oh ! do not make my charge too weighty  
grow !

I under too much guilt already bow.  
Part with content ! the gods can tell what stings,  
What tot'ring pangs this parting moment brings.  
The other crime I must with shame confess,  
And I have no excuse but love's excess ;  
I did not soon enough these thoughts produce,  
My self I then took pleasure to seduce :  
My dazzled eyes were blinded with delight,  
And power and Empire were not then in sight.  
I all those cares did from my breast remove,  
And would hear nothing but the charms of love.

*Ber.* False man ! that power and Empire which  
you name,  
You swore you sought but to protect your flame :

And now your stars have flatter'd you, must I  
For the reward of all my kindness die ?  
Oh Titus ! Titus !—think what 'tis you do—  
Must Berenice be slain, and slain by you ?

*Tit.* 'Tis true, the guilt I'll to my self assume,  
And not accuse the army, senate, Rome.  
It is my glory governs me alone,  
Else I by arms could place you in the throne.  
I know what injury myself I do,  
And that I cannot live exil'd from you :  
But let me die, 'tis glory I decree,  
I'll live in an immortal memory ;  
Succeeding ages shall my virtues own,  
Adore my ashes, and my statues crown,  
Whilst to the world I've an example set,  
No stoic shall attempt to imitate.

*Ber.* Oh unkind Prince ! your desir'd fame enjoy !

To gain it too inglorious ways employ :  
Leave a renown'd example when you die,  
But leave another of inconstancy.  
I'll strive no more, I did but stay to hear—  
What did to me impossible appear—  
The mouth which swore me love this sentence  
speak,

And all passed oaths in my own presence break.  
Nay, infidelity with pride proclaim,  
And boast on falsehood to erect a fame ;  
That immortality shall thence begin,  
Great deed to ruin an unhappy Queen.  
When I am dead, the praise of it assume,  
Let your crown'd statues triumph o'er my tomb ;  
The conquest must immortal glory gain,  
A Queen for loving you, by falsehood slain.

*Tit.* Oh ! how you tear me !

*Ber.* Yes, I may believe  
You much for her whom you have ruin'd grieve.

Oh, wretched me !—why shou'd the best of men,  
[Flings herself down in a chain.]

Whose noble nature does the friendship gain  
Of his worst enemies,—Heav'n not so mild,  
Who the delight of all the world is styl'd,  
Of cruelty and falsehood make his boast,  
Practis'd to wretched me, who love him most ?  
This, Heav'n ! is just from thee ; I, for his love,  
To my religion did unfaithful prove,  
Contemn thy laws, and for his sake dismiss  
All hope or right in future paradise :  
And he in fear of laws his faith denies,  
And from my love to future glory flies ;  
Only when dead an empty fame to raise,  
To live in brass, and breathe in airy praise.

*Tit.* You break my heart !

*Ber.* Farewell, oh cruel Prince !

What you have done, few moments shall evince.  
I will not crowd your way to glory long,  
Nor will I crave Heav'n's vengeance for my wrong.  
I wou'd not have him arm in my relief ;  
Heav'n could I help it should not see my grief :  
No, I'll seek vengeance from another place ;  
I know your soul, though cruel, cannot chace  
Out of your troubled thoughts with so much ease,  
My present grief, and all past kindnesses ;  
But when my blood you on the floor shall see,  
Each drop a dagger to your heart shall be. [Ex.]

*Tit.* Oh ! let me follow her ! she's gone to die.

*Tib.* That does not need ; her women, sir, are nigh,  
And they will turn those thoughts out of her breast.

*Tit.* I'm a barbarian, I my self detest ;  
Nero in cruelty I have outdone.

*Tib.* Dismiss your sorrow, Sir, the day's your  
own :

Pore not on wounds which at the present bleed,  
But think of glories which shall soon succeed.

*Tit.* *Curst be the fate such victories bestows ;  
Why should proud Rome be suffered to impose  
On princes such ungrateful things as these ?  
She shall not part, let Rome say what she please.*

*Tib.* *Oh Sir !——*

*Tit.* *Ye gods ! I know not what I say !*

*Tib.* *Come, Sir, pursue the triumphs of the day :  
Spur on your swift success, this rebel town  
Subdu'd, and then you perfect your renown.*

*Tit.* *Talk not to me of fond renown, the rude  
Inconstant blast of the base multitude :  
Their breaths nor souls can satisfaction make,  
For half the joys I part with for their sake.  
I'll not so dear for sordid flatt'ry give ;  
Without renown or Empire I can live,  
But not without the Queen ; she, only she,  
Fame, Empire, glory, all things is to me.  
Go, and endeavour to appease her mind,  
And say, my love she, spite of Rome, shall find.*

*[Ex.*

*Tib.* *These are the strugglings of departing love ;  
Th'ill genius in a tempest does remove :  
I'll let the storm consume itself, and then  
He'll soon the mild Vespasian be again.*

*[Ex.*

## ACT V.

*Scene—The Palace.*

*An Alarm—Enter MATTHIAS, PHINEAS, SAGAN.*

*Mat.* *All's lost ! we are resigned to heathen rage.*

*Sag.* *Heav'n in our aid no longer does engage.*

*Phin.* *Have we a shadow twenty ages chas'd ;  
Is all our faith prov'd a vain dream at last ?*

*Mat.* What shall we say ? these things our reason pose :

The more we think, the more ourselves we lose.  
Our thoughts we never can in order place ;  
They dance, like atoms, in a boundless space.

*Sag.* Let's think no more, but make a swift retreat

To some strong place, where, during the fierce heat  
Of rage and slaughter, we may shelter take,  
And for our selves at least conditions make.

*Phin.* This tower, where your daughter keeps, is strong,

And may, with some provisions, hold out long.

*Mat.* Life now is much the least of all my cares ;  
But of Heav'n's bounty no good man despairs.

Clarona !——

*CLARONA appears in the Balcony.*

*Clar.* Ha ! my father's voice I hear !

'Tis he ! Oh ! this disperses all my fear. [*Ex.*

*Mat.* Daughter !—she answers not ! Oh ! I begin  
To tremble ! all I fear's not well within ! [*Knock.*

*Enter CLARONA.*

*Clar.* My father here ! I scarce can speak for joy.  
I by degrees did all my guards employ  
To seek and aid you ; but of all I sent,  
Not one returned ; that all my patience spent.  
Of guards forsaken, looking ev'ry hour  
For bloody foes, and nothing in the tow'r  
But my poor trembling women here, and I,  
I was resolv'd to seek you out and die.

*Enter PHEDRA, running.*

*Phed.* Haste, Sir, the rebels come ! you'll be too late !

I saw 'em from the tow'r ; they're at the gate !  
They're come ! I heard the murd'ers call for you.

*Mat.* Pursu'd by Romans, and by rebels too !



Base wretches ! with what danger, guilt, and pains,  
 They purchase misery, dishonour, chains ;  
 Total destruction ! it is fit we die,  
 We fight and hinder them of slavery.

*Enter JOHN and PHARISEES.*

*Joh.* Kill ! kill ! their idol's gone: they can repair  
 No longer to their Parthian Lucifer.

JOHN, ELEAZAR, &c., *force into the tower.* *An Alarm.* *Enter MATTHIAS, PHINEAS, SAGAN, CLARONA, PHEDRA, pursued.* PHINEAS, SAGAN, *fall dead ;* MATTHIAS *wounded.*

*Mat.* For this I thank thee ! thou hast set me  
 free

From having share in all that misery  
 Thy wickedness does on thy country bring.

*Joh.* No ! the vile Achan, the accursed thing  
 That made us stink, and all our prayers prove  
 Offence to Heav'n, we from the land remove.  
 Thou, wanton idol, who our land has stain'd  
 With Pagan love, and all our race prophan'd,  
 Shalt perish too. [*Wounds Clarona.*]

*Elea.* By thy allurements led,  
 That savage boar much blood of saints hath shed.

*An alarm and shout.*

Hark, an alarm ! [*John and Elea. look out.*]

*Joh.* The Roman troops are near !

*Elea.* And Parthian banners in the streets appear !

*Joh.* I fear that cursed dragon King is come,  
 He plagues us more than all the pow'r of Rome.

[*Exeunt John, Eleazar, and Pharisees.*]

*Mat.* Oh, daughter ! do you bleed ?

*Clar.* Too slow I do :

But, Sir, I hope to fall asleep with you.

*Mat.* The sight oppresses nature ; but my mind  
 Does from thy piety true comfort find.

Our Temple, nation, glory, faith are gone ;  
 And what wou'dst thou do in the world alone ?  
 When dead, we shall behold, within the scenes,  
 What this dark riddle of destruction means.  
 I try to sound this depth, but have not line ;  
 Thick gloomy mists encompass things divine :  
 Poor human understandings they despise ;  
 Vainly proud man endeavours to be wise.  
 Come, daughter ! follow my celestial part,  
 Haste to be more an angel than thou art. [*Dies.*]

*Clar.* The light, the splendor of our nation's  
 gone,

A brighter in our firmament ne'er shone.  
 In this one gallant man does slaughter'd lye  
 Truth, wisdom, valour, learning, piety.  
 This tax, as nature's subject I must pay, [*Weeps.*]  
 The little time I in her Empire stay ;  
 My wound, I hope, will liberty bestow ;  
 For, if not mortal, grief will make it so.  
 How to the tow'r shall I convey these dear  
 Sacred remains ?

*Phed.* I see some soldiers near,  
 Perhaps they may be of our friends.

*Clar.*

Go, try !

Beg of 'em this last act of charity.

[*Ex. Phed. and re-enters with Soldiers.*]

My father from my arms went up to joy,  
 Now in his cold embraces I will die.

[*Ex. led by Phed. and Soldiers, some carrying off Mat.*]

*An Alarm ; Enter PHRAARTES and MONOBAZUS.*

*Mon.* Whilst you Clarona search, I'll still  
 alarm

The foe, and keep our soldiers' courage warm.

*Phr.* Does thy rash youth at length its error  
 see ?

But few hours since, with foolish bravery

Thou wert thy rival's buckler, and didst prove  
 So kind, to save him to enjoy thy love.  
 My tenderness to thee hath ruin'd both :  
 But that thy youth I pitied, and was loth  
 So many blooming hopes at once to shed,  
 Thy rival, and our troubles, had been dead.

*Mon.* I to attain the Queen did long despair,  
 So placed my happiness in serving her.

*Phr.* Never condemn thyself! he who will  
 have

Fortune or women love him, must be brave.  
 Women are apt to err : that beauteous she  
 Who thinks herself too good, or fair for me,  
 Shall be too fair for all the world beside,  
 And take up all her pleasure in her pride.  
 But throw away despair, for I am here ;  
 Thy Queen is thine, thy happiness is near :  
 Thy rival shall in chains thy nuptials grace,  
 And thou his mistress in his tent embrace.  
 Be gone ! I'll follow.—When I parted hence,

[*Exit Mon.*

My love I trusted to this tower's defence.  
 Ha ! the gates open !——and no guard within !  
 I fear this cursed tow'r has faithless been :  
 And if it has, let but an air, or sound  
 Offend her, I will burn it to the ground. [*Exit.*

*A Bed plac'd, a Lamp by it. Enter CLARONA led  
 by PHEDRA. She lies down on the bed.*

*Clar.* Death, I attend thy coming ! for I now  
 Have finish'd all I have to do below.  
 I hear a noise ! the echoing chambers ring  
 With sounds confus'd. [*Trampling within.*

*Phedra runs out, and returns.*

*Phed.* Madam, it is the King !

*Clar.* And shall Clarona see him ere she dies ?  
 Is such a blessing granted to my eyes ?

*Enter PHRAARTES.*

*Phr.* Silence, and darkness! all's not well, I  
fear;——  
I shake!——

*Clar.* My Lord!—

*Phr.* Her heav'nly voice I hear!—  
Now to a gentle calm my passions fall,  
That divine music has appeas'd 'em all.  
My love!—to thy embraces let me haste!

*[Embraces.]*

That this to all eternity might last.  
But ha! thou sigh'st and weep'st! what dost thou  
ail?  
Art thou not well? thy cheeks are cold and  
pale.

Ease, ease my soul, for I distracted grow;  
The cause of all this pompous sorrow shew!  
Why is this lamp, this solitude, this bed?  
Speak! ere I fall in thy embraces dead.

*Clar.* Insatiable eyes, give o'er, give o'er;  
One close and greedy look, and then no more.

*Phr.* What talk is this?

*Clar.* No longer to detain  
Your wand'ring thoughts, see there my father  
slain!

And the same bloody weapon pierc'd my breast,  
Which sent his soul to everlasting rest.

*Phr.* Plagues! tortures! death on all by whom  
'twas done!

And me, from your defence for being gone.  
This has exceeded all that I cou'd fear.—  
And see—blood—blood—is sprinkled ev'rywhere!  
Where is the wound whose fatal spring does feed  
This purple river?—run for help with speed!—  
Millions of gold to any one for aid!—  
Confusion!—why is not my will obey'd?

*Clar.* I have had all the help that skill can give.

*Phr.* Are there no hopes?

*Clar.* Most certain hopes.

*Phr.* To live?

*Clar.* To live.

*Phr.* Oh joy!

*Clar.* My joys indeed are near;  
Ever to live in Heav'n, no longer here.

*Phr.* Is that your life?—I fear'd that pleasing tale *[Aside.*

Of Heav'n at last wou'd over Love prevail.

Man is a foolish pamphlet, full of lies;

Lies are his hopes, and lies are all his joys.

Some promise him to come, and some to stay;

Those never come, and these fly fast away.

*Clar.* Oh! how much love and excellence I leave.

*Phr.* Oh! how much sweetness shall the grave receive.

*Clar.* How is my way to death with pleasures strew'd!

That I cou'd stay for ever on the road;

For ever, ever, slumber on this breast:

I'm husht with music to my long——long——rest.

My belov'd lord——farewell! *[Dies.*

*Phr.* She dies!——she dies!——

Speak once again! open once more those eyes!

Phraartes speaks to thee.——She's fled——she's fled!——

And her pale picture left me in her stead.

This——this is all of her that I must have——

And this is too the portion of the grave.

Away with tears——this fond——this womanish flood!——

One kiss!——and then——to blood——revenge  
——and blood. *[Kisses.*

Charms!—conqu'ring charms in death!—hence  
with her, hence!

For I begin to wander from my sense.

Where are those lying priests, that hang the graves  
With maps of future worlds?—Shew me, you  
slaves,

These lands of ghosts!—Where is Clarona gone?

[*Grows mad.*]

Aloft!—I see her mounting to the sun!—

The flaming Satyr towards her does roll,

His scorching lust makes summer at the Pole.

Let the hot planet touch her if he dares—

Touch her, and I will cut him into stars,

And the bright chips into the ocean throw!—

Oh, my sick brain!—Where is Phraartes now?

Gone from himself!—Who shall his sense re-  
store?

None, none, for his Clarona is no more!

*Enter MONOBAZUS.*

*Mon.* Haste hence, Sir! all's on fire! Heav'n  
rains it down,

Sends troops of flame to prey upon the town!

A legion now the Temple round besets,

Thick drops of gold the falling building sweats;

The Romans strive with streams of Jewish blood

To quench the fire, but 'twill not be withstood;

A Divine fury on the flame has seiz'd,

It claims the pile, and will not be appeas'd;

The cursed Jews a league with it have made,

And to destroy the Romans lend it aid;

That a strange mixture now you may behold,

Rivers of fire, of blood, and liquid gold.

*Phr.* I thank the fire, it does revenge my wrong;

I'll go and guide its rav'nous troops along,

And all the plunder I can find bestow,

And wish the world I in its arms cou'd throw.—

Ruin from hence the universe invade !  
 My light is set in an eternal shade.  
 Look in and see my wretched meaning there.

*Mon.* Clarona pale and slumb'ring does appear.

[*Looks in.*

*Phr.* Dead ! dead !——gone out ; that dark and fatal door

Which once lock'd on us, never opens more ;  
 That vanisht light no more on me shall shine,  
 Now I'll prepare her fun'ral pomp and mine.  
 The Macedonian King but to the shade  
 Of a dead friend whole cities offerings made,  
 Wasted whole provinces, whole nations slew ;  
 Then what shou'd I for a slain mistress do ?  
 Something I'll do, but what I cannot tell,  
 My mighty thoughts 'bove all expression swell.

*Offers to go, MONOBAZUS stays him.*

*Mon.* Oh, stay, Sir ! I have lost a mistress too,  
 And want revenge and death as well as you.  
 Embassadors this moment tidings bring,  
 My royal brother's dead, and I'm a King !  
 I sent 'em back, and gave my crown away,  
 And here to die with you on purpose stay ;  
 For I less glory judge it, and judge true,  
 To govern Kingdoms than to die with you.

*Phr.* Gallant young King !——let me your welcome give

To our high rank !——much honour we receive,  
 Which I am sorry we so soon shou'd lose.  
 But since to share my destiny you chuse,  
 I will not seek to do your glory wrong :  
 No, you shall die with me.——Then, come along !  
 Our persons, fames, and glories we will bear,  
 To live and reign, we know not how nor where.  
 In better company we cannot go ;  
 We dare the utmost of our fortunes know :

Plunge into deeps and never be perplex,  
Be Kings this moment, and be nothing next. [*Ex.*

*The Scene,—the Temple burning, fill'd with Jews  
lamenting.*

*Om.* Oh!—our Temple!—our Temple!—

1. Jerusalem's lost!—that Heav'n shou'd this  
permit!

This Queen of nations now in dust must sit.

*Enter JOHN and ELEAZAR.*

*Ele.* What shall we do? the fire does raging  
grow,  
And streams of people to the Romans flow.

*Joh.* I've prophets hir'd, who shall deliv'rance  
cry,  
And death to all that to the Romans fly.

*Enter TWO PROPHETS.*

1 *Pro.* Lift up your heads, ye people! for this  
hour  
Salvation comes from Heav'n, the seat of Power.

2 *Pro.* Salvation comes! a flaming sword she  
bears!  
Woe for partakers with idolaters!

*Enter a PHARISEE.*

*Phar.* Haste, haste! deliv'rance on our swords  
does wait!

The Roman tyrant at the Golden Gate  
In person, with a legion of his Guard,  
With fire encompass'd, is from flight debarr'd.

*Joh.* Fall on! and, lest the Pagan shou'd retire,  
Set the north chambers of the Priest on fire.

[*Exeunt.*



*An alarm. Enter TITUS, TIBERIAS, MALCHUS,  
and ANTIOCHUS.*

*Tib.* Gods ! at what rash design does Cæsar aim,  
To plunge himself thus deep in blood and flame ?

*Tit.* Oh, save this building !

*Mal.* Sir, all hopes are past,  
The mounted flame does keep his seat too fast.

*Ant.* Besides, the dogs do their own Temple  
burn,  
These fiery spears against our breasts to turn.

*An alarm. Enter an OFFICER.*

*Offic.* Haste, haste, Sir, succours to your legions  
bring !

They fall in crowds before the Parthian King.  
On yonder burning mount, which all commands,  
He like another flaming mountain stands ;  
And fights, and kills, with rage so much above  
All that is man, the Romans think him Jove.  
Some cry for mercy, some by terror fall ;  
By fear, by fire, and him, they perish all.

*Tit.* That triple league no longer shall succeed ;  
The King, the mighty Chief of it, with speed  
Shall be undeify'd by my own hands :  
While I ascend with the Prætorian bands.  
Tiberias ! King Antiochus and you  
The rebels in the upper tow'r subdue !  
Rebellion there has long my pow'r defied,  
But I will wound him now on ev'ry side :  
Cut off that Hydra's head all at a blow,  
That no more new ones in the stead may grow. [*Ex.*]

*After an alarm within, enter MALCHUS and TIBERIAS,  
meeting.*

*Mal.* To Cæsar, haste ! with all the speed you can,  
The Parthian King is something more than man ;

At least he is in league with pow'rs Divine,  
 For Heav'n and earth in his assistance join :  
 Voices are heard, and visions seen i' th' air,  
 Thunder and lightning to his aid repair.

*Tib.* Strange things you tell ; and which does  
 yet increase

My wonder more, the strange and sudden peace  
 Is made between the Parthian King and gods :  
 'Tis not long since they were at mortal odds.

[*Exeunt.*]

*The Scene is drawn, and PHRAARTES, MONOBAZUS, and their followers are seen defending a high rocky mount. The ROMANS oft attempt to scale it, but are beaten down by great stones flung on their heads : TITUS, TIBERIAS, MALCHUS, ANTIOCHUS, come to their assistance, scale the mount, and after some opposition ascend and take it. After a fight upon the mount, the Scene closes. A shout of triumph.*

*The Scene changes to the Town.*

*Enter TITUS, TIBERIAS, MALCHUS, ANTIOCHUS.*

*Tit.* This loud and open flattery forbear,  
 This public impudence ; I hate to wear  
 A robe of glory which is not my own,  
 And tread on ashes which I ought to crown.

*Tib.* The Parthian Monarch's valour all must  
 own ;

But that does add the more to your renown,  
 Whose greater valour conquer'd so much odds,  
 The King, the fire, the thunder, and the gods.

*Tit.* Vainglorious falsehood still, and flatt'ry all ;  
 He fell by gods, by gods alone cou'd fall.  
 At first the gods against the Romans fought ;  
 As they the glory to destroy him sought,

For whom the whole world's Empire was too small,  
Who was too great by mortal hands to fall.

*Tib.* I'm sure the visions help'd him while they  
stay'd.

*Tit.* They did ! but he, contemning of their aid,  
Enrag'd they intermeddled with his fame,  
Chasing us, sunk in ambuscades of flame,  
The gods had laid, to save their favourite, Rome :  
Yet scarce durst stay to execute their doom,  
But flung the burning Temple on his head ;  
Then straight for shelter to their Heav'n they  
fled :

Thus down alive into the shades he fell,  
And, stead of dying, he invaded hell.

*Tib.* Cæsar this vast revenue of renown  
May give away, and not impair his own.  
Your eagles now, great sir, their wings have spread  
O'er all the town, and struck rebellion dead.  
See, mighty sir, beneath your feet, in chains,  
The torn, dissected monster's last remains !  
This bloody villain, hunger ;——this, surprise

[*Pointing to John and Eleazar.*

Drove from strong vaults, that might all force de-  
spise.

*Ant.* With these, some thousand captives, sir,  
are torn

From their retreats, your triumph to adorn.  
The noble Jews in battle chose to fall,  
And bravely with their country perish'd all.

*Tib.* Of all the slain the numbers to compute,  
The numb'ring art of rules is destitute :  
The earth cannot suffice the dead for graves,  
Nor iron mines yield chains enough for slaves.

*Tit.* These slaves shall satisfy me for this guilt,  
And for the blood of all their nation spilt :  
Conduct 'em hence, and guard 'em to their doom,  
They shall be public spectacles in Rome

First wait on my triumphal chariot there,  
 Then, in a spacious amphitheatre,  
 I'll for this triumph build, be all enclos'd,  
 And to wild beasts in open view expos'd.

*Tib.* Now, sir, that none of their surviving  
 race,

As some will from your clemency find grace,  
 In after ages may their fancies please  
 With hopes from double-meaning prophecies,  
 The plainest sense of 'em we will display,  
 And in their ears fulfil 'em all to-day.  
 Besides the heaps wherewith their scrolls abound,  
 On an old tow'r we an inscription found,  
 Where it was writ—One day in Jewish land  
 A man shall rise, who shall the world command.  
 These foolish slaves applied the gods intent  
 To their base nation, which to you was meant.  
 On you, Sir, it shall be fulfill'd this hour,  
 You are proclaim'd that mighty Emperor.

*A shout.*

*Om.* Long live Titus Vespasian, Emperor of  
 Rome!

*Tit.* My thanks to all my troops! I'll grateful  
 prove

For all their valour, loyalty, and love.  
 Oh! now I have receiv'd the fatal blow,  
 And must from love to worlds of glory go:  
 Leaving all joys for ever out of sight,  
 Which gave my soul in th' other state delight.  
 Where is the Queen? My promise I forget,  
 For I must see, perhaps retain her yet.

*Tib.* Great sir, as I have been inform'd, dis-  
 pleas'd,

You stay'd so long, she has her rage appeas'd,  
 And all her sorrow chang'd into disdain,  
 Lamenting most, she did so much complain.

She now for ever has renounc'd your sight,  
And is preparing for a speedy flight.

*Ant.* Not far from hence, her train and chariots  
stay.

*Mal.* And see, she's veil'd, and coming, sir, this  
way.

*Enter BERENICE and SEMANDRA.*

*Tit.* Ah, Madam ! whither——

*Ber.* Trouble me no more !

*Tit.* I but one word, one look from you implore.

*Ber.* Pray, sir, retire.

*Tit.* Whence does this change arise ?

*Ber.* Why talk you, sir, with one you so de-  
spise ?

You have attain'd the Empire you desire,  
To the applauses of your troops retire :  
The music which did so delight your ears,  
And ravish you, whilst I lay drown'd in tears,  
Let 'em once more their cruel joy repeat ;  
Though wherein I have ever given so great  
Offence to all your troops, I cannot tell,  
Except it was in loving you too well.

*Tit.* Oh, Madam ! do you mind a foolish crowd ?

*Ber.* They speak their Emperor's sense too plain,  
and loud ;

And whom you slight, they surely may contemn.  
Go, sir, you have attain'd the diadem  
So long desir'd and sought ! observant be  
To all your laws, and be not seen with me.  
I'm going now your orders to obey,  
And shall not long afflict you with my stay.

*Tit.* Oh ! to my love you great injustice do ;  
Do I prefer the Imperial throne to you ?

*Ber.* Why else to banishment must I be sent ?

*Tit.* Oh, gods ! and see you not my great con-  
straint,

By what strong maxims I am captive led,  
What pikes and javelins guard th' Imperial bed ?  
And it were yet more baseness to submit,  
And, for the sake of love, the Empire quit ;  
That were a folly nothing cou'd redeem,  
For love, to lose your love and your esteem ;  
You wou'd look back and blush, to see your chains  
Drag after you the wretched small remains  
Of a poor Emperor, despis'd, forlorn,  
Whom you in honour wou'd be forc'd to scorn.

*Ber.* These are great maxims, Sir, it is confest,  
Too stately for a woman's narrow breast.  
Poor love is lost in men's capacious minds ;  
In ours it fills up all the room it finds.  
I cannot tell what glories you pursue,  
I'd quit the Empire of the world for you.

*Tit.* And, Madam, what for you wou'd I refuse ?  
But poorly Empire and renown to lose,  
Were all those just pretences to forsake,  
I to so brave a heart as yours can make ;  
So giving fame for love, should forfeit both.  
For Madam, say, wou'd not your spirit loath  
An abject Prince, who should such meanness shew,  
He poorly should for love to exile go ?  
Yet this inglorious exile I must chuse,  
Or throne, life, glory, you, and all must lose.

*Ber.* No, you shall lose no glory for my sake,  
I nothing from you, but myself, will take :  
With too much flame I love Vespasian still,  
To let him bear for me the least of ill.  
So great a love for you my heart contains,  
I'd go to Rome with you a slave in chains ;  
But think it hard you should my love requite.  
With driving me for ever from your sight.

*Tit.* Must my misfortunes still my crimes be  
thought ?

Oh, gods ! in what distractions am I brought ?

*Ber.* You of your own distractions can complain ;

But mine, though greater, I lament in vain.  
Say all your grief is more than a pretence,  
You have renown your loss to recompense,  
And by your own free choice yourself undo ;  
But I am into exile sent by you.  
Despis'd, forlorn, disgrac'd, inglorious made,  
Nothing in my obscure and mournful shade  
To comfort me, for all the wrongs I bear,  
But death, whose aid I will not long defer.

*Offers to go out in passion, but is stopt by Titus.*

*Tit.* What do you threat me with ?——Strive not in vain !

You shall not stir whilst these sad thoughts remain.

This shall not be the tragical event  
Of parting :——Stay, unless 'tis your intent  
I should at farewell some revenge afford,  
And at your feet fall dead upon my sword.  
If ever you would kind to me appear,  
If ever Titus to the Queen was dear,  
As to my life any regard you bear,  
Do not part from me in this sad despair.

*Ber.* I can deny you nothing ; I will still  
Live and be wretched, since it is your will.  
I hope, though I to exile must remove,  
I am not wholly banish'd from your love.  
The laws of Rome do not their Emp'ror bind,  
At once to chase me from his sight, and mind :  
And 'tis no fundamental rule of State,  
Of a poor Queen the memory to hate.

*Tit.* I hate your memory ?——Oh, most unkind !  
Why with these words do you afflict my mind ?  
The thought of you is all the joy, Heav'n knows !  
I in my glorious banishment propose.

Since the first hour my heart to love did bow,  
 It never felt such tenderness as now ;——  
 Witness these tears !—— [Weeps.

*Ber.* Oh, Sir ! these are not due !——  
 An Emp'ror weep !——and must I pity you ?  
 Shew me less love, that I may part with ease.

*Tit.* Oh, gods ! who thought of these extremities ?

*Ber.* Who could have thought a love so chaste as mine,  
 So great, so pure, so void of all design,  
 Should so unfortunate to me have prov'd ?  
 Wou'd I had never seen, or never lov'd.

*She pauses to weep, and then proceeds.*

Well, Sir, your sorrow kindly I resent ;  
 So kindly that I'll go to banishment :  
 Since, till I'm gone, unhappy you must be,  
 I will make room for your felicity.  
 Let Pow'r Vespasian to herself enjoy,  
 I will not enviously by stay destroy  
 So great advancement of th' Imperial Throne :  
 Better one Queen, than the whole world undone.  
 And for your future peace, I will provide :  
 Some cave this troubler of the world shall hide,  
 Where I till death will love you as before,  
 But never interrupt your glory more. [Ex.

*Tit.* Oh, I am lost !——

*Tib.* Now the great combat's done,  
 All danger's over, and the day's your own.  
 Altars and Temples now——

*Tit.* Oh ! I despise  
 Those flatt'ring pomps, and splendid mockeries,  
 Where I am worshipt like a pow'r Divine,  
 And yet all hearts are free to love but mine.  
 Myself I'll longer on the rack retain,  
 And at her chariot see her once again ;



Then gaze till wide and spacious seas of air  
Drown the last view, and then for death prepare :  
I mean that tedious death, which men wou'd fain  
Gild with the specious title of a reign.  
Prepare to march by the approach of day,  
I hate in this abandon'd place to stay,  
Where I am hourly with the thoughts pursu'd  
Of the Queen's tears, and my ingratitude. [Ex.

FINIS.

*The Play ended, Mrs Marshall returns and speaks*

THE EPILOGUE,

*in the Character of Queen Berenice.*

How! is the gallant British nation here?  
Nay then in spite of Titus I'll appear,  
And make this brave assembly judge my cause:  
Wou'd you forsake your loves for fear of laws?  
You are so brave, where love is in the case,  
Men fear no danger, women no disgrace.  
A confidant is out o' fashion grown,  
Or any common friend will serve for one.  
Who, madam, pays your eyes their tribute due?  
—— 'Tis my Lord such a one:——And, is he  
true?——  
—— Oh! very true, and worthy my esteem. ——  
—— And, madam, had you pretty Miss by him?——  
—— Yes, madam;——Oh! we lead a pleasant  
life,  
Lord how we laugh at his poor nauseous wife!——  
—— I thought you were ador'd by such a one:——  
—— I lov'd him first, but that intrigue is done.——  
—— Why did you part?——He was a younger  
brother;  
Besides, we grew a weary of each other.  
Thus brave are you, nor can you well forbear;  
Your women charming, men most gallant are.  
With this small beauty I might servants have,  
Now I am free; but I your pardon crave,  
I never more will any friendships make,  
For my unkind, unconstant lover's sake.

No!—you in love as Gauls do in the field,  
 Charge fierce, subdue, but soon your conquests  
 yield :

Never keep long the beauties which you take,  
 But first dismantle 'em, then give 'em back.  
 Then to all new intrigues a long farewell ;  
 But woman-like, though I dissemble well,  
 I love to talk of my false lover oft ;  
 And if the passions I have sigh'd be soft,  
 And such as may unhappy beauties please,  
 All you forsaken slighted mistresses,  
 In mine, to hear your own complainings come ;  
 'Tis better than to mope alone at home,  
 Or in the rooms, where first your hearts were won,  
 Or private lodgings, where you were—undone.  
 Come all of you ! but if the half resort,  
 Queen Berenice will have a crowded court.

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